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Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, M.D., Ph.D.:

ON A SUBSTANCE THAT CAN MAKE US SICK (IF WE DO NOT EAT IT!)

One of the world's most honored scientists, winner of the 1937 Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine, explains the fascinating paradox of vitamins.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *A long-time member of our Editorial Board, Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi is currently a visiting professor at the University of Miami's Institute for Molecular and Cellular Evolution. He is world-renown for his discovery of ascorbic acid, (vitamin C) his studies on cellular respiration and on muscles, which resulted in the first workable theory of muscle contraction. Now, at the age of 84, and after 20 years of research, he has evolved a theory that may solve the deadly mystery of cancer.*

—Richard Stanton

I am aware that having discovered ascorbic acid did not make me into an expert on the medical use of vitamins. All the same, this work made me come in touch with vitamin C more often than I would have come without it. I had hardly announced my result when I was invited by E. Merck and Co. to come to Darmstadt, Germany, to discuss the medical uses of ascorbic acid with leading German clinicians. I did not have much to say but went all the same. I found the clinicians very nice but was shocked by their lack of biological insight and lack of interest in the basic problems. They told me that they had no need of my ascorbic acid because ascorbic acid prevented scurvy, and there was no scurvy. The logic was simple, almost irrefutable. Though I could bring up no argument against it, I felt that it was completely wrong. It was wrong because "no-scurvy" does not mean health. There is a wide gap between health and no-scurvy. Scurvy is a pre-

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from Washington
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Silent Cal

Fifty years ago a vacationing President rode down a mountain to a semiweekly press conference and created a political mystery that has lasted to this day.

Calvin Coolidge normally offered little news at Rapid City, South Dakota, but today Everett Sanders, his private secretary, told reporters in the news shack that there would be a statement at noon. In the executive office the President finally broke a long silence; he dictated a 10-word sentence and asked that 25 copies be made, cut into neat, two-inch slips. At noon reporters lined up and he handed out the slips without comment.

They glanced, gasped, gagged, demanded amplification, got none—and stormed for the wires. The statement read, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." It was August 3, 1927.

After the conference Coolidge didn't say a word on the subject to an astonished senator who had watched the show and who rode with him back up the mountain; not a word to his wife Grace at lunch, where he chatted on other subjects. He went off to his customary nap, savoring every moment of non-disclosure with impish relish. (He sometimes had a mordant gleam like that in the beady eye of a parrot before it tweaks you.) Grace Coolidge learned about it from the visitor after Cal departed. "Now isn't that like him!" she exclaimed.

Why did he decide not to run? His re-election was sure. Republicans were dominant. The "Coolidge boom" had begun. He was not merely popular, he was a media-manufactured folk myth, Silent Cal, with more jokes about him than about Model T. He had taken the oath by kerosene lamp, hadn't he? He represented perserverance, prudence and parsimony which sanctified the nation's own recklessness and extravagance as it started on the greatest, gaudiest binge of all time. He had a Vermont twang, accentuated by chronic obstructed nasal passages into a kind of quack. America mimicked it. It had no problems that it was prepared to recognize and it gloried in Cal's afternoon nap that symbolized serenity. He, like the nation, was snoozing on a volcano, but who in 1927 saw the Crash, and Hitler, ahead?

Sophisticates were certain there must be native shrewdness behind this Puritan facade; there wasn't. It was just that he rarely said anything. We in the press corps saw him twice a week at news conferences and we quoted "the White House spokesman." We saw the commonplace, respectable mediocrity that we had turned into a legend. Public speeches were sententious and dull; he told us that "when many people are out of work unemployment results." Germany was going down the drain, and our former Allies suggested easier terms on war debts. No, said Coolidge: "They hired the money, didn't they?" At home he accepted the gross disparity of income of workers and farmers. When they couldn't buy the goods they produced the Crash came.

There was another side to the drab little man, though. When he greeted the returned hero Lindbergh, the day before leaving for Black Hills, I watched his face; for a second the constrained self-consciousness disappeared; and the smile was as sweet as a wild strawberry you find unexpectably on a rocky Vermont pasture.

With a folk figure like Cal to relish the nation had just what it wanted. Some stories are unreliable, like the one about putting his rocker on the front portico of the White House so he could watch the streetcars better. But he had a pawky, rather cruel sense of humor—expressed for example, by pressing all the desk buttons and stepping aside to watch guards and secretaries rush in. Columnist Tom Stokes told me once that Cal dropped the family cat into a Thanksgiving hamper with a live turkey, one time, to see what would happen. Senator Lodge sarcastically called him the kind of man who lives in a two-family house. (He did, in Northampton; and paid $36 a month rent.)

The summer pressed down on Washington half a century ago like a damp, hot thumb; nothing was air-conditioned. At press conferences Coolidge stood behind his desk and picked up questions written in advance. This time we had all asked about the

(continued on page 45)

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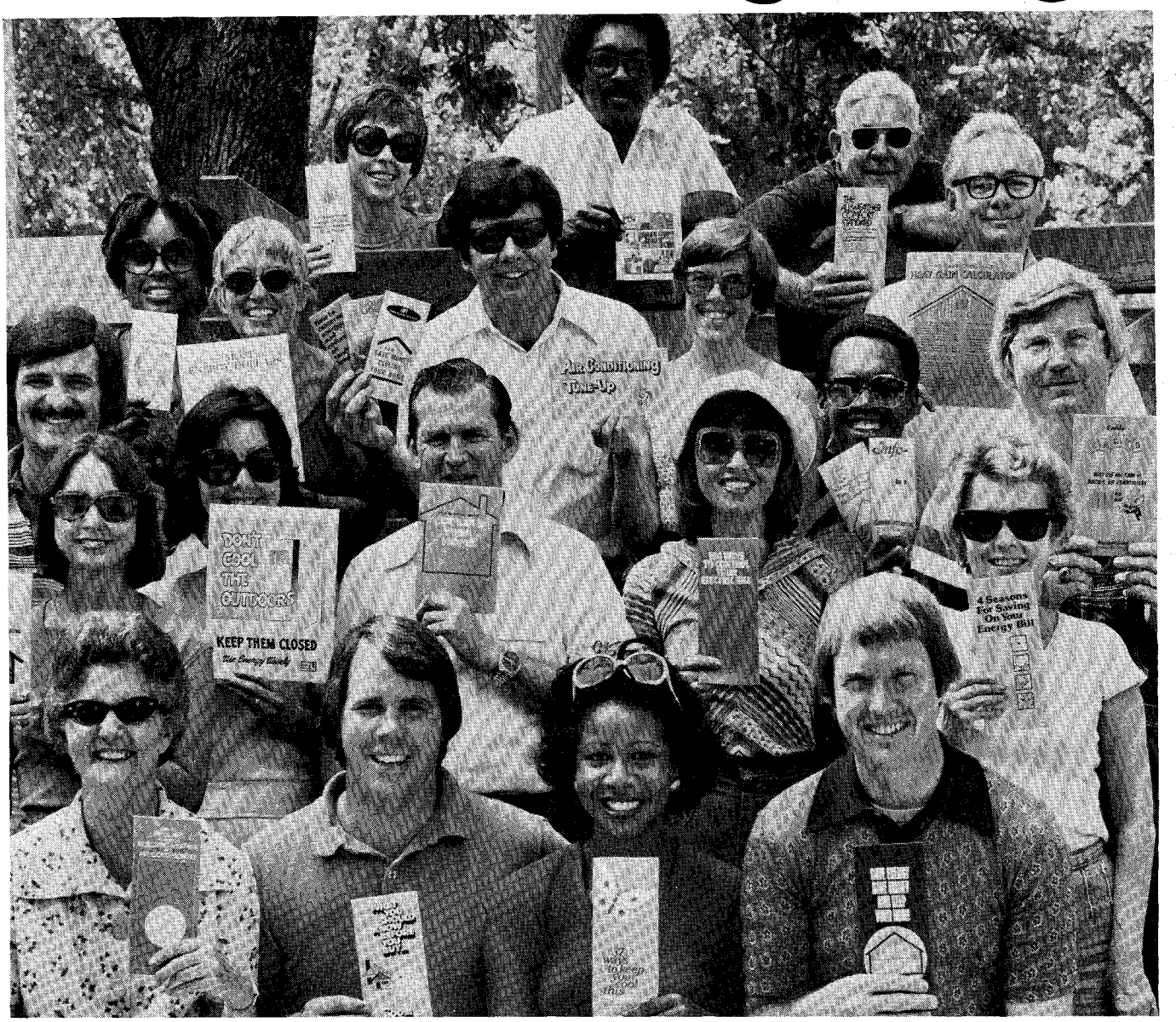

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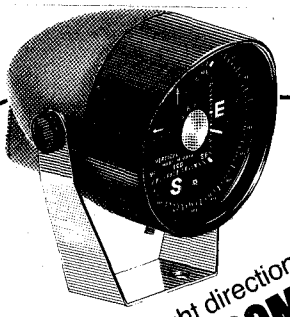

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 6 & 13, 1977

Don't Deliver Israel

A few weeks before Prime Minister Begin's recent visit to the United States, a seasoned diplomat predicted that his talks with President Carter were "doomed to success." And they did succeed. The ominous shadows that hung for long months over American-Israeli relations suddenly seem to have passed. Carter declined to preside over the witches' sabbath that Dr. Brzezinski had been planning as an occasion to dance around the Israeli leader and frighten some "sense" into him. Carter could ill afford such a self-indulgence, either in Congress or in public opinion. Begin left for home strengthened by a personal triumph which inevitably will add to the political capital of his country in the diplomatic struggles ahead. Whether or not you believe the pro forma claims of authentic rapport with Carter himself, Begin did persuade some people anew of the justice of Israel's cause and the reasonableness of her strategic case.

A triumph might be there for our President too, if he can continue to resist his own missionary impatience and the corollary temptation to impose some tidy formulae and fanciful maps on the good reasons of history. It would be a modest victory for peace if the Arabs were to realize at last that there are no short-cut American alternatives to the painstaking process of direct give and take with Israel. With Carter's enthusiasm for making a deal in the Middle East—just about any deal, it sometimes appeared—the administration had led the Arabs to believe that they have only to negotiate with the United States to get what they wanted from Israel—and what they want is something they couldn't win on the battlefield and wouldn't win at a real peace conference.

The Arabs have demanded from successive American Presidents that they deliver up Israel. The danger is that Carter sometimes seems on the brink of doing just that, under the mistaken impression that he is delivering Israel in the more flattering biblical sense. Henry Kissinger had never called for a return to the pre-1967 borders, knowing them to be indefensible. He never sought a way to help create a PLO-dominated state, knowing it to be a point of entry for the Soviets and a base for violent irredentism. On March 16 in his talk to the townspeople at Clinton, Massachusetts, Carter outlined a peace plan that addressed both Israeli fears and Arab ambitions. We were gratified by his approach (see *TNR* April 9, 1977). But within weeks he was diminishing the meaning of "full peace," which is what Israel wants, and eviscerating his suggestion of defense lines beyond formal borders, which is minimally what Israel requires. Security Council resolutions 242 and 338, which remain the only internationally sanctioned bases for negotiations, recognize explicitly this fundamental need for secure frontiers. An invitation to capitulation is the only message the Arabs could have read from Carter's ensuing relentless pressures on Israel for particular and barely

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Keogh isn't OK

To the editors:

I was shocked to read the June 18 *TNR* and discover a letter praising former USIA Director James Keogh as "excellent and dedicated." Mr. Keogh has, instead, been one of the most outrageously partisan Nixonites as well as a dismal failure at USIA.

Keogh's appointment to USIA was a reward for years of service to Richard Nixon, service that began when he was working for *Time*. In 1972 he wrote a book, *President Nixon and the Press*, claiming Nixon had been a victim of the "left-wing" media, an election-year charge that seemed at variance with Nixon receiving 85 percent of the 1968 newspaper endorsements and 94 percent in 1972.

Consider the use of Bill Buckley as a USIA propagandist in 1969-72, USIA's 1970 film immortalizing Spiro Agnew, James Buckley's use of a USIA film for his own TV show, and Bruce Herschensohn's USIA diatribes against Senator Fulbright. Richard Nixon politicized USIA to a deplorable degree, and James Keogh was an active participant in that politicization, evidence that this Nixon flunky is, in the words of Tad Szulc, a "political hack."

David Miller
Hialeah, Florida

Good and good for you

To the editors:

This is the story of throwing out the baby with the bath. Joel Solkoff's chronicle of error in the Supplemental Food Program for Women, Infants and Children ("Strictly From Hunger," *TNR*, June 11) borders on irresponsibility in its use of half truths, inaccuracies, and false analogies and its neglect of all the positive data on WIC. This program is not afraid of evalutation. It is curing iron-deficiency anemia, raising the birthweights of infants, lowering infant mortality, and increasing the use of *health clinics for prenatal and preventive* health care.

The Solkoff article charges that WIC has become another general welfare program providing an in-kind income supplement regardless of the nutritional risk of the particular participant. In fact it aims at low income pregnant, postpartum, and nursing women, infants and children under five years old who are at risk nutritionally. It aims so specifically at those who have an extremely poor diet or, for example, who are anemic that, if anything, it reaches too few people, not too many. Furthermore, WIC provides a specific benefit: iron-fortified formula for the babies; milk, cheese, eggs, cereal and juice for women and children, food containing nutrients known to be lacking from their diet. It focuses on specific problems known to increase maternal and infant mortality and morbidity and offers specific solutions. To get at the problem of poor eating habits, nutrition education is provided and to encourage early prenatal care, immunizations and other preventive care, WIC is housed in health departments and clinics.

Solkoff complains that "the quality of nutrition education is often poor," presumably relying on an Urban Institute study to the effect that 88 percent of participants surveyed reported they had learned little from it. He neglects to point out that, aside from the methodological problems of the Urban Institute study, the nutrition education given WIC participants at that time was not part of WIC. No WIC funds could be used for nutrition education, there were no state plans for nutrition education, nutrition education was strictly *ad hoc* with neither supervision nor funds from the federal government. Today WIC nutritionists in Massachusetts and Maryland are using very sophisticated counseling techniques.

Similarly Solkoff has ridiculed the food package. He launches his article with a statement that the obese pregnant woman and the under-weight pregnant woman are both given the same amounts of food, as if to imply that this is wrong. Solkoff is wrong, not the policy. As the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists will confirm, pregnancy is no time for a woman to go on a diet. Their publication "Nutrition in Maternal Health Care" states "[o]bese patients should receive dietary counseling emphasizing the same principles of prenatal nutrition that apply to those of normal weight. *Weight reduction regimens, if indicated,* should be instituted only after delivery." The obese pregnant woman should not have her allotment cut. The underweight pregnant woman, who should gain several more pounds than the obese pregnant woman, can increase the caloric content of her allotment by selecting whole milk and higher calorie juices.

As for the obese four-year-old, who *should* be on a diet, WIC provides the option of skim milk, low-calorie cereals like Special K, and unsweetened juices. In any case, the supplement is not the whole diet and certainly cannot cause the obesity. As for the problem of Kaboom and other high-sugar cereals in the package, this is certainly wrong, and in fact several states do not include these cereals in their packages.

Finally, Solkoff charges that because families have been sharing WIC food there is in fact no targeting on specific members. What does Solkoff want? Federal observers in every kitchen? Surely the Urban Institute's finding that 81 percent of families share the food is open to doubt since the word "share" could be interpreted to mean simply that the WIC food is mingled with other food and not that it is eaten by others and never replaced.

WIC is not perfect, but neither is it the bundle of contradictions Joel Solkoff makes it out to be. It provides a unique benefit that cannot be replaced with more Food Stamps or more welfare dollars. It is one of the few programs dealing with the ecology of malnutrition and birth defects: lack of food, lack of nutrition education, and lack of health care. Because it is comprehensive it works. Of course a federal program that works is unnewsworthy. Such facts are unfashionable. But should the next generation of poor children have to pay for journalistic fashion?

Billie Stultz
Stefan Harvey
Judy Keefer
WIC Advocacy Staff
The Children's Foundation
Washington, DC

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The Annotated Segal

To the editors:

Please run Erich Segal out of town at least as far as Chevy Chase for his "The Loveliness of the Long Distance Runner," (*TNR*, July 23). He may be allowed to return, but only after he has re-read his Herodotus. Pheidippides does not run from Marathon to Athens to announce victory, but from Marathon to Sparta to seek assistance from that city-state *before* the battle. In keeping with the spirit of Segal's piece, this mission proves completely unsuccessful and actually unnecessary: *The Histories*, Book six, sections 106-108. Along the way, "Dip" sees the god Pan in an interesting forerunner (sorry) of ES's own sole-soul epiphany while on the road.

Robert A. Ferguson
University of Chicago

He who is without horses

To the editors:

James Morgan ("The Horse Right Here," *TNR*, July 23) is very critical of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, the owners of Seattle Slew, for greed, and for all I know he may be right, but I note that you describe him as a free-lance writer who has "profitably" followed horses in Venezuela, France, England, Ireland and America.

I seem to recall certain preconditions which were set for those who contemplated the initial launching of a stone.

Adrian Jaffe
Vineland, New Jersey

Disorder in the court

To the editors:

Having played, over a period of many years, on more non-regulation squash courts than I care to admit, I must correct Richard M. Dorson's astounding figures on the dimensions of a regulation court—25 feet wide and 45 feet long ("Squash Memories," *TNR*, July 23). According to the Associated Press *Sports Almanac*, the official size of a singles

(continued on page 44)

The importance of timely harvesting to fine wines.

One of the most important times of the year for any winery is the harvest.

In order to make the best possible wine, we want to crush our grapes only at the very peak of their maturity. Experience, of course, tells us approximately when each varietal grape will reach that point, but it is important that we know precisely when the grapes will reach that critical point of maturity.

Field Tests

In order to determine that time, about three weeks before estimated maturity, our field men start to take samples of grapes from the vineyards for testing.

From representative rows of vines, about 200 individual grapes are collected. They are taken from both sides of the row—from the top of the vines, from the bottom, and from both the inside and the outside.

These individual grapes together make up one sample which our field man "juices" on the spot.

He then makes his own sugar test of the juice, puts it in a cold box and sends it to our laboratory for more exact sugar testing, plus acid and pH analyses.

Laboratory Analyses

Some wineries test only in the field, but we feel this is too crucial a time in the making of fine wines to not follow through with as much care as possible.

These on-going analyses are each presented to meetings of the winemaker and the field man for their judgments. They pinpoint the exact time of maturity—that important moment when the complex flavor characteristics of the grape are at their peak.

The Harvest Itself

From the results of these tests, our field men then schedule deliveries from our growers. Because of varying types of soil within a given vineyard certain areas may mature earlier. If the vineyard is a large one, these areas are picked first.

Usually an entire varietal crop is picked within a one to two week period, allowing for differing times of maturity.

Since we believe that, in order to capture the crop's optimum quality, grapes should be crushed within four hours after picking, all our grapes are scheduled for delivery to the winery within three hours of picking.

Final Inspection

When grapes are delivered to any winery, a State Inspector is standing by to check the sugar content and physical defects.

But what is most unusual is that at Gallo we have the winemaker—the man responsible for that particular wine—also standing by to check on quality.

We know of no other winery that does this.

Even though other knowledgeable people have passed a particular load of grapes, if the winemaker for any reason feels that they are not perfectly suited for his wines, he can, and does, reject them.

This is typical of all our efforts to make fine wines. We can never do, or care, too much.

In fact, everyone at the Gallo Vineyards adheres to the credo that has always been our guide: our aim in winemaking is to bring you the finest, highest quality wines our skills can possibly produce.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

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reciprocated concessions in advance—and almost in lieu—of negotiations.

Begin drove the point home: Israel will not participate in such a scenario. We should be grateful to him. By refusing his cooperation in this venture Begin has lifted an enormous burden off American shoulders. If Israel were to have knuckled under to an American *diktat* that made its borders more vulnerable to attack and inviting to terrorism, the US would have added to its longstanding ethical and political commitments to Israel an obligation for the military defense of the Jewish state. Most Israelis do not want us to have such responsibilities; and many do not believe that, even in the most fateful extremities, we could be counted on to meet them.

Whether they are right or wrong on this score is irrelevant. Peace is best made between those who have been at war with one another. It's an ancient way of settling disputes; it may be the only way. The US can serve as middleman or intermediary; it should not be a surrogate for the Arabs. If Jerusalem and Washington had to agree on a common position before official talks began, the Israelis would already have made concessions to the Arabs on behalf of America's perceived interests where it barely reached the table at Geneva. Under such circumstances, Israel would be forced to negotiate its positions not only with the State Department, but with the television networks and the news magazines. After these warm-up sessions, the Israelis would face the critical partners in any settlement, the Arabs, whose further demands would be fully backed to just about every extreme by mischievous Moscow. (The Russians don't really have to be serious. Their clients in the area are the madmen: Libya, Iraq and the PLO.) There is already too much asymmetry in the Arab-Israeli conflict: the asymmetry of numbers and geographical size, of wealth and influence, of allies and of stakes. The peace process should not be a way to increase the imbalance. (That doesn't faze Senator McGovern, who said last week, in a scarcely veiled threat to Israel, that international pressure would not allow any party to withstand the momentum for a settlement. What kind of settlement he didn't say. He may not even care. Munich was also a settlement.)

It is easy, then, to understand why Israel was leery of a renewed Geneva Conference. Nevertheless, to Carter's yen for Geneva Begin agreeably brought a target date of October 10. Apparently the President now understands that Israel will be more flexible and

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willing to take risks if her cards have not already been played by the Americans.

Apparently, the President also understands the ground rules of the Geneva talks, which stipulate that there are to be no new participants in the discussions without the assent of every previous participant. So Israel's legal right to deny a role to the PLO is unchallenged and unchallengeable. But it is not simply because of legal proprieties that President Carter, Secretary Vance and Dr. Brzezinski should abide by their agreement with Begin on PLO non-participation. It would be another breach of trust if the administration were to style some fatuous disguise which might allow the PLO in at Geneva after all.

The case against the PLO as a party to the talks is the case against the PLO as a party to any settlement. Even if this fractured and murderous rump suddenly were to cease its holy war rhetoric and publicly revoke its historical commitments, there would be no reason to believe that its essential purposes had changed or that an agreement would be anything but a new stage for its war against Zionism. Words, gestures, meanings are fluid in the Arab world. One day's embrace easily gives way to another day's killing. Fortunately the PLO has the virtue of public candor; it is only that self-styled peacemakers prefer to heed the private whispers and ignore the slogans reiterated to the Arab masses. Representative Lee Hamilton, for example, goes to the Middle East and Arafat hints to him that Israel is a fact. That's all Hamilton has to know. He jets back to counsel Israel on whom it should welcome as a neighboring government. But the PLO undermines these interlocutors even as they enjoy their moments in the limelight. An anointed moderate on the PLO's national council, Dr. Fayez A. Sayegh, denied in an article in the *Boston Globe* of July 24, 1977, "the right of Israel to exist as a Jewish state" and went on to demand "Palestinian statehood in Mandated Palestine . . . PLO homes inside Israel . . . a pluralistic society of Israelis and Palestinians in a reunited Holy Land." It's not quite a coherent proposal, but its fundamental character is evident. The details can be worked out later; Lebanese Christians, for example, might be called upon to testify as to the PLO definition of a pluralistic society.

And why precisely the PLO, or rather, why not? With heady victories at Rabat and in the UN, the PLO still does not, as David Pryce-Jones wrote in these pages three years ago, (*TNR*, August 31, 1974) even "go through the motions of recruiting a mass movement." The PLO has never engaged Israeli military forces in battle, either in Israel or in the territories. Its ribbons are won in crowded markets, schools, airports; its victims all are civilians, indiscriminate and innocent targets. Expelled from Jordan, kept out of Syria, defeated in Lebanon, despised just about everywhere else in Islam, Arafat's ragtag army of extremists remains the convenience of the other Arabs and the best hope of the Soviets. Compare the PLO with the NLF in Vietnam, the FLN in Algeria, the Hagannah in pre-independence Palestine: it is a national liberation movement only if the Baader-Meinhof gang is as well. The active presence of the PLO at Geneva would preclude a meaningful agreement there. Even Sadat now seems to acknowledge that. Hussein knows it best of all, whatever throaway lines he uses to keep Arafat off balance and himself in agreement with the official Arab line.

If the Arabs really want to test Israel's will to peace, Begin has given them the opportunity to do that. And if not in Geneva, in direct or proximity talks anwhere. Israel is anxious to test the Arabs' will to peace also. The ball is now in their court. If they do not take it we will know they are not yet ready for peace. We should not be surprised if that turns out to be the case.

If negotiations actually do take place, however, the focus will not be on the Arabs alone. Israel will have to demonstrate its willingness to withdraw on all fronts. The extent and the timing of the withdrawal in the Golan and in Sinai will be among the easier points at issue. Israel is open to a large scale pullback if the Arabs will demilitarize the areas and make other specific moves toward normal relations and peace. Much more vexing, however, is the West Bank. There, historical and strategic considerations make Israeli withdrawal more complicated. But it is a first principle of a just peace that many hundreds of thousands of West Bank Arabs not be obliged to live under permanent Israeli occupation. There may well be justice to the claim that Jews should not be forbidden to live in areas of the West Bank where they had lived from ancient times until the riots of the 1920s and 1930s, in some places; and until the 1948 war of independence, in others. These rights are coextensive with the rights of Arabs who live now in Jaffa, Haifa, and the Galilee. That is about all that can be said for settlements beyond the 1967 lines. In the present circumstances, any new settlement is an obstacle to negotiations for the secure and recognized borders which Israel seeks.

There is nothing to commend a third state between Israel and Jordan. It is a contrivance that would not solve the Palestinian problem. It would, however, provide a broader base on which the problem could fester and explode. None of this can be said about an agreement about the West Bank between Israel and Jordan, where the greatest proportion of the Palestinians already live. Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan already has indicated Israel's willingness to turn over civilian administration of the West Bank to Jordan. That is the essence of self-determination, an attribute of politics and not of empty deserts. With that as a given in the talks, it should not be intrinsically difficult for Amman and Jerusalem to make the kind of territorial and security arrangements needed for Israel to keep Arab tanks and planes from waging war on her people.

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At best, however, all of this is likely to be a long process, with periodic interruptions and frustrations. It is particularly important that the US, and President Carter particularly, not lose patience when the inevitable impediments appear. The President's measured response to the approval by the Begin cabinet of three settlements begun during the Rabin years is a sign that he is no longer looking for a quick fix.

If Carter can keep his own hopes down, and his disappointments in perspective, he may well get Arab and Jew to sit together in search of peace. That would be a truly extraordinary achievement.

Send Lance Back to Banking

Bert Lance has done nothing illegal. That's what we're told, and we've seen nothing to contradict it. Some may be satisfied to learn that the man Jimmy Carter chose to head the Office of Management and Budget is not a lawbreaker. But that's not the kind of assurance we'd have expected to hear from the Carter administration, and it's not the kind we should accept. It doesn't go down well after all those lectures during the campaign on the wickedness of Washington. No, Bert Lance as we know him today does not fit the Carter image. He comes from another tradition, the LBJ school of southern cronies, shabby but not indictable.

Senator Abraham Ribicoff, Democrat of Connecticut, who chaired a congenial three-hour hearing on Lance's finances last week, spoke for all his colleagues when he charged the press with having smeared Lance's reputation "from one end of the country to the other." The senators sitting around the dais were in solemn agreement: the press is altogether too cruel to public officials. Everyone on the committee understood how easy it is to commit little indiscretions. Percy, Heinz, Stevens—all the Republicans were in sympathy. They asked a few bland questions, Percy often giving the cues for the answer. At one point he suggested that $18 million worth of Teamsters' pension funds (deposited in Lance's bank) "might sound like a lot of money" but really, given that it was put into a trust account, it really wasn't very much, was it Mr. Lance? Lance agreed: $18 million is hardly worth mentioning. The senators listened while the chairman read aloud a message sent by Lance's trustee in Georgia, Tom Mitchell, stating that he was in final and "definitive" negotiations to unload Lance's stock in the National Bank of Georgia. The senators praised Lance for his candor and sent him back home. That was the end of it, they said. We don't agree.

Lance has not been smeared; he has simply undergone the close scrutiny that every Carter administration official has had to suffer through. Only Lance has not come out clean. The information dug up by *New York Times* columnist William Safire and by reporters for the *Washington Post* was just the kind the Senate and everyone else ought to have before permitting a new official to take over a powerful job in the White House. Safire, it's true, described the facts in his most slashing style, but the facts are damaging in their own right. They show Lance to have been a hustler of a familiar kind, not in the big leagues, but big enough to get himself in serious trouble. Lance doesn't seem to have the knack of making tidy transitions. He hasn't been able to keep his reputation a pace ahead of his mistakes. As a result the bailiff stands outside the door. He is one of those businessmen of whom it can be said truly that they can't afford to work for the government. The shift from private to public life has stopped his economic momentum, and with the loss of momentum his career is in danger of coming unravelled.

The charges against Lance are two. First, he is accused of having furthered his personal career by making and accepting questionable loans, to the detriment of the National Bank of Georgia and its stockholders. Second, he is charged with having used his political connection with Jimmy Carter to lure business to the bank. The former business mistakes combined with the latter political blunders may balance each other out and leave Lance's bank no better or worse off for his shenanigans. But for Lance's reputation—both financial and political—the revelations are a net loss. Lance seems to have gotten ahead in banking because of his political assets, and he seems to have gotten ahead in politics because of his bank assets. But he excelled at neither. It was the synergy that propelled him, and the necessary severing of the link between business and politics that comes with his new job may undo him.

The evidence for Lance's business failings lies in the fact that his successor as president of the bank has had to write off $2.8 million in "soured" loans since Lance moved to Washington. The market price of the bank's stock has dropped from around $16 a share last year to around nine dollars a share today. In the hearing last week, Senator Percy tried to help the witness by suggesting that it is common for banks to write off a batch of old loans when a chief executive leaves—a form of housecleaning, he said. Lance agreed. But a loss

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Drawing by András Goldinger

of $2.8 million is not easily swept aside. It represents bad judgment in a measurable form.

The drop in the value of bank stock also hurt Lance personally because most of his prosperity has been built on credit—loans from major banks in New York (and now Chicago), secured with stock in his own bank as collateral. Since his assets are about equal to his debts, the drop in the value of his bank stock has put him in a bind. He didn't want to sell it at a loss (amounting to $1.6 million). He cannot secure his debt without holding onto his stock. Jimmy Carter's rules require him to sell his stock. And yet, selling his stock at a loss would drive him deeper into debt while burning up his collateral. Apparently an angel came along to buy the stock last week at about equal to what he paid for it and 75 percent above the market price. This timely rescue may solve most of Lance's financial problems. The sale has not been completed yet.

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The most intriguing aspect of this tangle is what it reveals about Lance's method of empire building, a method that seems shabby but is—we're told by the experts—common practice. Lance's big leap forward came in 1975 when he bought a controlling interest in the National Bank of Georgia. He accomplished this by taking out a personal loan of $2.7 million from the Manufacturers Hanover Trust of New York, making a "gentleman's agreement" with them at that time that he would pay back the loan immediately if he should leave the bank. In effect, Manufacturers Hanover decided to bet on him personally, like a good horse, provided that he remained in Atlanta, at the head of his bank, where he presumably had easy access to local money flows. When he left to join the Carter administration this year, he kept his commitment to the New York bank, paying off the loan with money borrowed from another bank, the First National of Chicago. This is where his problem gets sticky. Although no one can prove that Lance intended it as a quid pro quo, he did order his Georgia bank to open a non-interest-bearing account, using company funds, in the Chicago bank before it granted him a personal loan. That account has fluctuated, growing from $50,000 before the loan was approved to a high of $350,000 last April and dropping down to $200,000 today. Lance claims it is a routine and proper business arrangement, a mere formality executed to make the Chicago bank a correspondent with his own bank in Georgia. He said he did it to bring Chicago's expertise to Atlanta. However, before the account was opened and before Lance asked for his loan, Lance's bank already had access to similar expertise at the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company. There was a non-interest-bearing account in this bank already. In the hearing, Lance was not called upon to explain why his bank needed a second correspondent bank in Chicago or why he had failed to ask the first correspondent bank for a personal loan. The facts suggest that he opened the second interest-free account expressly for the purpose of getting a personal loan—a violation of federal banking regulations. But no one has proved it, and the Senate is not interested. The Comptroller of the Currency is making an investigation. But of course that investigation will deal with the question of illegality in the narrowest and strictly provable sense. A judgment of serious impropriety need not await the Comptroller's decision.

So much for business mistakes. The political blunder looks more serious. In 1976, even in the period after Jimmy Carter had been elected President, Bert Lance was negotiating with the Teamsters union to place a large chunk of Teamsters pension funds in the trust department of his bank in Georgia. The account was opened in February 1976 with an $18 million deposit and since has grown to $23 million. When it opened, the Teamsters account was many times larger than any other that ever had come the way of Lance's bank. There's nothing corrupt in the transaction; it's just unseemly.

An official at one of the biggest New York banks, knowledgeable about the workings of trust departments, said last week that it was unusual for a bank not in one of the "major money centers" to win an account as large as $23 million. He added that bank executives compete fiercely to win this sort of business; he couldn't imagine what a relatively obscure bank in Georgia could offer to do that a bank in New York, Chicago or San Francisco couldn't do better. In the hearing last week Lance said that the Teamsters account was the kind that barely pays for itself. "It's really a service," he explained, a not very profitable frill that's meant to attract customers. When a senator asked how and why he had solicited the Teamsters' money, Lance explained that the general counsel of the bank and one of the trustees of the pension fund did a lot of business together. In 1975 and 1976 "those folks were trying to get their business straightened out," and Lance wanted to give 'em a hand. That was all he said. Bert Lance happened to be in charge of one of the six lucky banks that got a share of these pension funds while the Teamsters were trying to clean up their business. That was before the government intervened. Now, because the Labor Department has stepped in to exercise stricter control over the funds, there is some doubt as to whether the Teamsters will be able to keep their account in Lance's bank and several others like it. Labor recognized the Equitable Life Assurance Society this year as the general manager of the Teamsters' central states fund, and Equitable does not approve of the National Band of Georgia as a fiduciary.

We know little of the Lance-Teamsters connection, and any attempt to inquire into it in public hearings would do the Carter administration irrevocable damage. Perhaps there is nothing to be learned, but we are certain that if Lance were working for a Ford or Nixon administration, there would be an investigation. Who will conduct the inquiry this time?

This second instance of bad judgment closes the case. At the minimum Lance demonstrated a remarkable lack of foresight. The short-term gain he and his bank may have derived from the Chicago loan and the Teamsters fund cannot possibly offset the damage done to the administration. This is something Lance ought to have known. Nineteen seventy-five was the year Jimmy Hoffa apparently was eliminated by a professional killer; it was also the year Lance began negotiating for the Teamsters' account, knowing his obscure bank had nothing to offer them except his increasing political prominence. No one with any political sense would have met with the Teamsters then. Yet Lance was still doing business with them last November, after the election. A man with that sort of insensitivity should not be asked to manage the nation's budget. Bert Lance should return to private business.

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White House Watch

Down Home

The trip billed at the White House as President Carter's first return to the South since he was inaugurated—officially, three earlier visits to Georgia didn't count—was not the magnolia revel that it might have been expected to be and that some reporters persisted in imagining it was. True, Carter thanked friends at the first stop in Charleston for coming out "to welcome me back to the South." He spoke in South Carolina of "our southern states" and their "proud tradition" and in Mississippi he recalled the "long weeks, long months two years ago" when "people just didn't believe that a southerner could be elected President." He identified his belief in "those things that are conservative" with his southern origins. At a contrived but effective town meeting in Yazoo City he welcomed a questioner's suggestion that "your southern heritage . . . led to your concern with human rights in this nation and abroad." But it seemed to me, a southerner who was turning 18 in Mississippi when Carter was born in Georgia, that this President, the first one elected from the Deep South since 1848, didn't particularly want to be received as a southerner come home and that many if not most people in the two set audiences and the only casual crowd he addressed didn't perceive him that way. He told his Charleston audience of legislators and their spouses from 16 southern states that he wanted to talk "about the hopes and problems that we as southerners and as Americans share together." He remarked with evident satisfaction to an airport crowd near Jackson that "for the last six months, strangely enough, I haven't seen much in the newspapers or magazines about my being a southerner," and he concluded: "Now I, like you, am an American."

The impression that he got a subdued reception on the whole may result from nothing more than the flattening effect that Carter generally has on crowds. Only once, during his visit to northern England in May, has Carter as President evoked the tumult of shrieks and squeals, the frantic yearning to touch and be touched that Richard Nixon at his lowest and Gerald Ford at his dullest always evoked. My theory is that this negative phenomenom constitutes a tribute to Jimmy Carter. The break, the excitement that the presence of any President brings to ordinary lives has to be there with Carter. But Carter the quiet and contained person tends to obscure Carter the President. People seem to have no need, seem not to be impelled, to reach and jump and whinny in his presence. Instead, as a rule and of course subject to exception, they appear to be at ease with him—*content* with him. One other personal point is in order before we get to some of the substance of the southern trip. The old cadence, the up-and-down lilt in his voice, is gone, presumably by design and because the last words and even the whole meaning of sentences were often lost. Now he speaks—he did throughout the southern journey, anyhow—at a sustained and always audible level.

In view of Carter's later brush with black leaders at the National Urban League convention in Washington and his bold assertion, in response to their complaints that he'd let his black supporters down, that he had no apologies to offer for his and his administration's performance to date, his avowal of basic conservative beliefs and his association of those beliefs with his southern beginnings and with his southern hearers at the Jackson airport are of lasting interest. Orthodox liberals who need and wish to think that Jimmy Carter caters to the center and right only for necessary and temporary political reasons should memorize and never forget the following passage, disordered in syntax but thought out and spoken with care, in his Jackson airport speech: "I believe those that are able to work ought to work, a belief that the best government is the government closest to the people, that the budgets ought to be balanced, there ought to be a careful attention paid to letting people's individuality be encouraged, people should make their own decisions, that government officials ought to be accountable to the people back home."

On the first leg of the southern trip, the flight from Washington to Charleston, Press Secretary Jody Powell travelled with the White House press corps on a chartered plane instead of flying, as he usually does, with the President on Air Force One. Powell did all he could in conversations to persuade reporters that the President in his Charleston speech would be making a serious and notable effort, as Carter said in the address, "to spell out my view of what we have done and where we are going in our relations with the Soviet Union." I interpreted the speech to be in fact and effect an effort to repair the damage lately done to US-Soviet relations by the Carter administration's incredibly inept handling of those relations, beginning with poor preparation

Coming:

Henry Fairlie on Vanity, Lust, Greed, Gluttony, Envy, Pride and Sloth

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of the Soviet leadership for the strategic arms proposals sprung upon Brezhnev in Moscow last spring and compounded by Carter's awkward assertions of his human rights doctrine.

Human rights aside, there were two central themes in the Charleston speech. The first, addressed as much to the US public as to Moscow, was that "agreements we reach must be anchored in enlightened self-interest—what is best for us, what is best for the Soviet Union." The second theme was that if mutually satisfactory strategic arms agreements, short and long term, cannot be reached, "the United States can and will do what it must to protect our security." Like other recent statements of Carter foreign policy, this one was marred by silly exaggerations of the few differences between Nixon-Ford-Kissinger policy and Carter policy. The central themes of the Charleston speech, especially the one emphasizing each country's "enlightened self-interest," were in all but precise wording straight lifts from Kissinger statements in the Nixon-Ford years.

At every appearance on this trip, excepting a visit to an oil rig off the Louisiana coast and a press conference intended to show the major oil producers that he admired their technology but is not prepared to provide the production incentives which they and their political supporters are demanding, Carter brought up his human rights doctrine and his conviction that it reflects and expresses to the world "our deepest beliefs as a people." His attempt at the Yazoo City meeting with some 1400 citizens, 400 of them black citizens, to depict the American South as a cradle of concern for human rights was at once appealing and ludicrous. The long history of slavery and deprivation of black rights apart, the South after white people settled it was for centuries a citadel of privilege and of denial of basic rights to all, black and white, who were not among the privileged. Carter was believable and moving when he noted the racial changes for the better in recent years and said of the southern experience: "So from the good things and the bad things in our heritage, it made the human rights issue very, very vivid to me." He dealt in drivel when he also said: ". . . I think that we have always been a deeply religious people in the South. And of course our religious beliefs emphasize compassion, love, concern about downtrodden people, equality in the eyes of God, basic human freedoms, courage to stand up for one's convictions, and so forth." And so forth, indeed. Carter has yet to say one public word in behalf of his friend, admirer and supporter, the Reverend Bruce Edwards, who was driven early this year from the pastorate of the Plains Baptist Church because he advocated its desegregation.

A European participant in last May's economic summit conference told me in London, and I reported in this journal, that Carter told the conferees that he'd hit upon human rights as an issue that would rally American support for his foreign policy and offset the disillusion that had resulted from Watergate, the intelligence scandals, and Vietnam. At Yazoo City, he came close, and in an interview in Washington July 15 with visiting journalists he came closer to saying in this country what he was understood to have said in London. From the July 15 transcript: "We've been through some sordid and embarrassing years recently with Vietnam and Cambodia and Watergate and the CIA revelations, and I felt like it was time for our country to hold a beacon light of something that was pure and decent and right and proper that would rally our citizens to a cause." In his introductory remarks at Yazoo City, telling of his reception in Charleston, the President also said: "And one of the great bursts of applause that came this afternoon was when I said that we are deeply committed to carrying out the purposes and the principles of the United States in our deep and permanent and unchanging commitments to human freedom and human rights, and you can count on that." The Yazoo City audience applauded. However his human rights doctrine may strike some other governments, and however severely it complicates some of our foreign relationships, it must be evident to President Carter that he has come upon a splendid domestic issue.

John Osborne

Dial R for Russians.

Bugs in the System

With all the attention in recent years focused on bugging of American citizens by their own government, it is puzzling that Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's charges of massive Soviet interception of US phone calls have been virtually ignored. Moynihan, a member of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, warns that the Soviet Union is tapping the telephones of "literally millions" of American citizens. "It must be made clear," he says, "that Soviet espionage has not been directed merely against government activities. It has involved the wholesale invasion of the privacy of individuals, private businesses, stock exchanges, commodity exchanges, national and international banking—and, for all we know, the press, the universities, and similar centers of information and

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exchange throughout the nation." Asked to substantiate this vast claim, Moynihan said, "It's a world of conjecture. You can monitor thousands of calls with the technology they have. . . . There is no way to know" who exactly is being monitored. But the government does know. It has grudgingly admitted how widespread the practice is. Yet it seems unflappably reluctant to try to have the practice stopped.

The Soviets are able to intercept phone calls within the US because 68 percent of US long distance calls are transmitted through microwaves, a more modern but also more vulnerable system than telephone cables. Microwaves are high frequency radio signals that are relayed by towers all over the country. An eavesdropper, using sophisticated equipment, can "pluck" phone calls from the air and find sensitive information in them by computer sorting. Since microwaves are point-to-point transmissions; they can only be intercepted by a station near where the call is made. Apparently the Soviets have interception machinery perched atop their Washington embassy, their United Nations offices in New York, their residences on Long Island, in the Bronx and in Maryland, and at their consulates in San Francisco and Chicago. The new Soviet embassy on which construction will begin shortly at Washington's Mt. Alto will allow the Russians to increase their bugging capacity.

The government has known, in fact, for at least two years that American phone calls are being monitored by Soviet interception equipment. President Ford never made the issue public; instead a National Security Council committee was asked to study the problem. Carter also has avoided public debate on the subject, although he has admitted under questioning that "the intercept on a passive basis of these kinds of transmissions has become a common ability for nations to pursue." He told a few senators that the *Washington Post* has been exercising discretion on the issue. It is known that for several months, at least, the *Post*'s Bob Woodward has sat on the story. Continuing along the Ford line, President Carter set up his own interdepartmental study of Soviet eavesdropping. Recommendations from that committee are expected soon, and probably will concern themselves with securing government phone calls rather than those in the private sector. The President has already assured the press that his lines and Dr. Brzezinski's are adequately covered. That's not really the point, however. We can assume that the security apparatus protects itself. But who protects us? Neither the White House nor any of the departments involved in Carter's special coordinating committee of the National Security Council had any comment to make about the completion date of the study or what its recommendations would be.

In the meantime, the Carter administration seems to have found a convenient compromise with principle. Without making public the continuous Soviet intrusions on private US citizens, the government has informed those large corporations it knows are under surveillance.

The secrecy in which Soviet wiretapping has been shrouded is an indication of the difficult position the Carter administration faces. On the one hand, if the President does not make it clear that he is concerned about Soviet violation of American privacy, he is liable to take a beating from those who are understandably upset about it. On the other hand, if he does make a public disclosure of Soviet activities, he will also have to admit that similar activities are carried on by American intelligence agencies. Such information could jeopardize further American eavesdropping and other surveillance activities.

Ironically, the fourth amendment's guarantee against unreasonable searches and seizures protects us against bugging by our own government, but not specifically against bugging by foreign governments. The CIA general counsel made the distinction to justify withholding this information from the public. It is a particularly narrow interpretation of the Constitution that encourages official indifference to the systematic violation of what are thought of in this country as natural rights.

The irony, of course, is that if freedom from bugging by foreign governments is a "natural right," it is one Soviet citizens are entitled to as well and one we apparently violate. But a unilateral American decision to honor the "right" of Soviet citizens to be free from bugging would be a pointless gesture, since it is a right their own government ignores as a matter of course. Clearly this mutual bugging is a problem more amenable to a pragmatic tradeoff than to abstract invocation of "rights." President Carter should tell the American people exactly what he knows about Russian interception of our telephone calls. Then he should arrange to sit down with the Russians and negotiate an end to the practice, preferably in both countries.

Karen Keegan

A bureaucratic battle
with philosophical foundations.

HEW vs. HUD

Every year the federal government spends $5.3 billion subsidizing the construction and rent of low income housing. Presiding over this expenditure is one of the main functions of the Department of Housing and Urban Development. While casting about recently for a way to reform the welfare system without increasing total expenditures, Joseph Califano's eye landed on this

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large piece of change. The Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare proposed that these so-called "Section eight" programs (named after the relevant section of the housing act of 1970) be scrapped, and that an equivalent amount be distributed in cash to poor people, as part of a welfare reform package. The money would be called a housing allowance, but in fact there would be no restrictions on how the recipients spent the money.

Proponents of the allowance scheme argue that the present system is unfair. Only about one of 13 families below the poverty line sees any of the Section eight money. The benefits they derive from the housing program are not counted in computing their other welfare entitlements. A straightforward housing allowance, the argument continues, would result in greater "horizontal equity." The philosophical argument for the housing allowance is the classic libertarian one: government should not make choices for individuals that they are perfectly capable of making on their own; poor people can best decide what kind of housing they want, and if they should use the money for housing or for other needs. The high-rise slums created by past government housing efforts provide not a bad example of the libertarian thesis that people may know better than the government what's good for them. Of course there are always new theories—smaller scale housing, mixed-income housing, renovation rather than gutting—waiting to be tried out.

One serious flaw emerges when the libertarian theory comes to be applied in practice. That is that government housing programs have broader social purposes beyond the immediate one of helping those who benefit directly from them. Housing money is used to encourage racial residential integration, and also to rebuild decaying or destroyed inner-city areas. Even if they choose to spend their "housing allowance" on housing, poor people may not spend it in ways that achieve these goals.

The housing allowance idea has been around for a while. It was raised in the course of the congressional housing debates of the 1930s and 1940s. It made a strong comeback during the Nixon administration. In 1973 HUD Secretary James Lynn froze all Section eight funds for a while. The Housing and Urban Development Act of 1970 created something called the Experimental Housing Allowance program, a study due to be completed this year. Preliminary findings indicate that, pretty much as expected, only about half of the allowance money is going towards housing, that there is very little mobility or renovation under the program, and it has been responsible for no new housing starts.

The impetus for the most recent renaissance of the cash allowance proposal appears to have come from lower level OMB bureaucrats. They drafted a proposal to cut subsidies under Section eight from 400,000 units to 50,000 units, and to use the money saved to supplement the welfare reform package that President Carter has ordered HEW Secretary Joseph Califano to draw up. Califano happily endorsed the idea. He'd been scrounging everywhere for money to finance the package, and here was $5.3 billion dropped in his lap.

The HUD people were furious. They denounced it, not very privately, as a backdoor route to welfare reform. They were dead set against the housing allowance, for bureaucratic as well as ideological reasons; housing subsidies after all are a primary raison d'etre for HUD.

The HUD staff's leaks to the press nettled the White House, but the tactic seems to have worked. Lance and almost all of his top advisers were militantly opposed to the housing allowance. Lance informed Califano of his position, and the HEW Secretary beat a hasty retreat. He told a conference of state and local officials that the proposal was dead, along with an alternative plan to subtract an amount reflecting housing benefits from other welfare payments.

Now the HEW staff has introduced a new, more moderate plan to integrate housing subsidies with other welfare payments. It proposes to reduce other welfare benefits by 15 percent for anyone who lives in subsidized housing. HUD Secretary Patricia Roberts Harris is not too happy about this idea, either, and undoubtedly will wage a vigorous campaign to keep it out of the welfare reform package. The only certain legacy of the housing battle at this point is a lot of fresh bad blood between the departments.

Seth Kaplan

Where left-wing issues and
left-wing thinkers grow old together.

IPS Faces Life

In a warren of offices on Dupont Circle, the Institute for Policy Studies continues its work of thinking in the abstract about the issues of the day. But the Left's number-one think tank, founded in 1963, has discovered that the issues of the 1970s have become the internal problems of the Institute, and can't simply be dealt with in seminars or pamphlets.

The issues of the 1970s seem to be primarily economic ones. IPS is devoting much of its attention and energies to a study called, "The International Economic Order." Meanwhile IPS itself is being shaken by economic disorder. Money is tighter there too than in the high-adrenalin 1960s. This means that IPS no

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longer finances lesbian journals and revolutionary versions of the Passover Haggadah as well as reports of Offical Illegality and Militarism and Disarmament.

The founders and co-directors of IPS also are victims of a social problem not exclusive to the 1970s: people get older. Marcus Raskin and Richard Barnet have been raising the money to run the Institute—often a week to week job—since the beginning. Last year the budget was over one million dollars. They're tired. Both Raskin and Barnet are in their mid-40s. As of next January they will step down to become "distinguished fellows" of the Institute. Raskin, who looks like a bookish graduate student with a paunch, says, "There are certain things you do at certain ages in your life. We both have a backlog of ideas to work on." Their chosen successor is Bob Borosage, a 31-year-old graduate of Yale Law School.

Raskin and Barnet would have stepped down last year, but they stayed because they felt it was inauspicious to change command when civil war was raging at IPS. "Raising money was easier in 1965 than it is in 1977. Dick and I gave the appearance we raised funds magically. It's actually very difficult," says Raskin. To dispel the fundraising myth and keep the Institute's deficit down, Barnet and Raskin proposed cutting the fellows' salary in half, from an average of $20,000 to $10,000, and putting the responsibility on individual fellows for raising money for their projects, including their own salaries.

This decision outraged the fellows. It was not treated as an opportunity to ponder the extent to which productive society should be asked to support people who simply sit and think. Nor was it used as an occasion to consider how much better progressive intellectuals ought to live than the poor of the world whom they presumably see as their clients. Instead it was analyzed, in a solemn rendition of left doctrine, as a persecution of the workers by the bosses. As a result, 12 of the fellows unionized, forming a local unit of the American Federation of Teachers, demanding restoration of their full salaries and other benefits. ("It's not enough to pay my alimony," one fellow complained about his reduced paycheck.)

But the dissident fellows claim that money was only part of the problem. They were equally concerned, they say, about the general direction of the Institute. In 1973 IPS added the Transnational Institute, with an office in Amsterdam, to give it more global reach, and reflect its increasing concern with international issues. (This Institute has become a haven for *déclassé* third world intellectuals who might live in their own countries except for their desire to live in the west which they despise.) The thinking of some fellows, meanwhile, had led them in precisely the opposite direction: toward a concern with local community activity. These fellows began to feel shut out from the loose democratic decision-making process of the Institute. When they finally unionized they wielded the standard catalog of 1970s complaints against the internationalists: elitism, racism and sexism.

Though the AFT representative said it was difficult to distinguish management from workers at IPS, management—in the form of Raskin, Barnet and the board of directors—refused to recognize the union. Eventually the two sides agreed to split. IPS gave the splinter group $300,000, about one third of the endowment. With this money they founded the Public Resource Center, a new left-wing think tank, located a few blocks from IPS.

Len Rodberg, a tall, bearded MIT-trained physicist, was with IPS for 10 years. He seems to be the PRC spokesman. But he has no title at PRC, because "we don't have titles here." This title-less group decided the ground rule of our interview was that there was to be no talk of the split from IPS. After that was established Rodberg said, "We were fired . . . Our politics weren't welcome at the Institute. We see our main constituency as movement and citizen groups. Marc and Dick are mainly concerned with Congress and elite bodies. Barnet's work shows up as a book, but a lot of what we do doesn't appear in writing. So we were attacked for not doing anything."

Raskin says carefully, "We had a tenure system, but in back of it we had no real funds. Once people got here they didn't want to leave. Problems developed around what sorts of people should come to the Institute. My concern is in bringing the most creative people here."

Ralph Stavins, a fellow, came to IPS in 1969 after a teaching stint at Reed College. He is a University of Chicago-trained lawyer and political scientist. Stavins is a rather extreme example of the kind of free thinker who lives off the goodwill of foundations and philanthropic individuals, under the auspices of non-government, non-commercial centers and institutes in places like Washington, Aspen, Cambridge and Santa Barbara. Stavins said he came to IPS seeking the opportunity to "do something instead of just think and talk. The academic community doesn't have balls." With IPS he has been through studies of television and of Vietnam, and now heads the Whistleblowing project on Official Illegality. He also is "into est," and retains what he calls "chauvinistic street language, because it's the real chauvinists who change their language."

Stavins sided with the IPS board during the split. "The losers lost and the winners won," he explains. "The losers are people who are still attached to the issues of the '60s. The winners have a vision of the future to reach a view of reality. The union's demands to preserve their full salary, regardless of whether we could pay ran a real risk of destroying the Institute. Management raised and the union spent." He added, "I love them at the same time." No matter what precedes anyone's explanation of the split, the talk always ends with an expression of goodwill for the other side. Stavins was so adamant on this point that he said he

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couldn't guarantee he could continue being open with me if I couldn't guarantee I would include his expression of love for the losers.

The staff of IPS is generally uncomfortable with the past. Their time is the future. Gary Wills wrote in *Esquire* in 1971, "Indeed, the group's primary gift seems to be a feel for what is coming up next. They have not caused developments so much as anticipated them." The last prospectus put out by IPS is from 1973. The pamphlet has the tone of religious conversion: "The Institute for Policy Studies was formed by a group of men each of whom had come to Washington between 1958 and 1962 to work in or on the edges of government. These men were all in their 20s and 30s, all were white, all were university trained. . . . They found that the government was chiefly responsive to institutional interests that were divorced from public needs. . . . They discovered that [their educations] had to be totally remade. . . . But most important, they did not shrug off their discoveries: they listened carefully to the changes within them and decided to act upon them."

IPS was established to provide "public scholarship." The Institute was set up along collegiate lines granting titles such as fellow, associate fellow and administrative fellow. Raskin and Barnet will be the first distinguished fellows. There is an intern program for undergraduates, and IPS also give PhDs in connection with the Union Graduate School in Ohio. However,this whole system, which has shifted over the years, will be reviewed in January. Foundations, individual donors and universities—no government grants have been allowed—support the Institute.

Barnet, a soft-spoken scholarly man with wild gray hair says the Institute provides a "rational analysis" of and for society. "What we've done is point out what's irrational in society at a time when an issue is wildly unpopular—before it becomes part of the conventional wisdom. A definition of a radical is very much a matter of timing."

Meanwhile, what has happened to all the issues IPS was involved in before they became fashionable? The weapons stockpile has more than doubled since the 1960s. Multinational corporations (which Barnet's book *Global Reach* was one of the first to examine critically) show no sign of redomesticating. And on a more immediate level, Raskin says, "I used to believe we shouldn't charge tuition. Knowledge should be shared. We even paid kids to come. Unfortunately we have to charge them now." In this context IPS seems not so much a harbinger as a barometer.

Stavins says, "The consciousness of the '60s is embedded in 1977, but the trappings are 1957. Homosexuality and all that shit is in public. In 1957 we didn't have the national security state we have today. It shits. But we're not into defending fags dancing in public, we're interested in reactionary state structures."

Raskin retains a firm belief in the importance of the work of institutions like IPS. "Over the next decade society is going to go through horrible crises, both felt and silent. I believe the Institute will prosper, we will build on the reputation of the last 15 years. There are now three great institutions: AEI on the right, Brookings in the middle and IPS on the left. Our next period has to be devoted to developing the right knowledge structures."

Emily Yoffe

This is the second in a series of profiles of Washington institutes, associations and miscellaneous acronyms.

Everyone's favorite corporate bogeyman may soon face criminal charges for its transgressions in Chile.

ITT Under the Gun

by Tad Szulc

A federal grand jury in Washington is about to complete a nine-month investigation concerning activities of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation and the Central Intelligence Agency in Chile. The grand jury is considering whether to indict ITT for fraud, and its chairman, Harold Geneen, its vice president, Edward J. Gerrity, and former CIA Director Richard Helms for perjury.

The accusation against ITT is that it defrauded United States taxpayers of $94 million in insurance

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payments it received from a government agency following nationalization of its holdings in Chile in 1971. The alleged fraud was that in claiming reimbursement for the nationalization ITT concealed its secret payments to political figures in Chile, despite a provision of the insurance contract requiring disclosure of all relevant company operations.

The allegations of perjury involve testimony by Geneen, Helms and Gerrity, two Senate committees investigating subversive activities in Chile by ITT, the CIA or both working together.

The Securities and Exchange Commission, meanwhile, is completing its own investigation of questionable payments by ITT, in Chile and other foreign countries as well as here in the United States. New disclosures about the company's secret activities are reported to be imminent. Informed sources describe the information as "explosive." SEC staff members are negotiating with ITT, with a goal of voluntary full disclosure of all illicit activities. If an agreement cannot be reached, the SEC intends to begin legal action of its own against ITT.

Former Attorney General Edward H. Levi authorized the grand jury proceedings in the middle of last year, when Justice Department officials believed they had enough information to justify investigating the possibility of possible fraud and perjury indictments. The Justice Department has declined to comment officially on the present status of these grand jury investigations.

Those close to the investigation think the Carter Administration may be reluctant to prosecute Helms, Geneen and Gerrity on the perjury charges even if the grand jury votes to indict them. The reason is that a trial may force the government to produce and make public very sensitive materials which could compromise the CIA's "sources and methods."

The fraud prosecution against ITT, if it occurs, would concern ITT's own alleged misbehavior, and therefore would not threaten to compromise government intelligence operations. Nevertheless, sources at the White House say that both the perjury and fraud cases against ITT and its officials are among investigations initiated by the last administration currently under review by President Carter. Thus it is not clear how a decision to drop the perjury charge against the individuals would affect the fraud charge against the corporation. Both allegations of misbehavior, of course, are related to the same general United States campaign to undermine the regime of Chile's late Marxist president, Salvador Allende.

Beyond any possible threat to American intelligence machinery, any prosecutions that emerge from the current grand jury proceedings will have political ramifications. Helms has been quoted as saying that if he were indicted, he would "bring down" with him former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Kissinger was one of the architects of the American anti-Allende policies that contributed to the bloody military coup that overthrew Allende in September 1973.

Helms, who was not available for comment last week, testified to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on February 5, 1973, that contacts between the CIA and ITT concerning Chile were only "for the purposes of the acquisition of information and things of this kind." Subsequently, however, the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence discovered that the CIA, in the words of the Committee report, had "advised ITT as to ways in which it might safely channel funds" to Arturo Alessandri, the conservative candidate in the 1970 elections, and to his National Party. ITT contributed $350,000 to the Alessandri campaign, using the channel proposed by the CIA. According to the Intelligence Committee report, the "CIA was informed of the extent and the mechanism of the funding." ITT later hid this fact from the government agency that paid the $94 million insurance claim in January 1975.

The CIA's own involvement in Chile between 1969 and 1970—first to prevent Allende's election and then to help bring him down—was sanctioned by Kissinger in his capacity of chairman of the White House's "Forty Committee" in charge of supervising covert intelligence. Kissinger, in effect, gave Helms his marching orders against Allende. Former President Nixon specifically reconfirmed these orders on September 15, 1970—11 days after Allende won a plurality in the Chilean elections.

The occasion on which Harold Geneen and his associates are alleged to have committed perjury was in testimony under oath before the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations on April 2, 1973. Geneen denied that ITT had done anything illegal in Chile. He added, "Nor did ITT contribute money to any person or to any agency of any government to block the election of Dr. Allende." Senator Charles Percy asked him, "Have you ever made a political contribution as a company to a candidate or a party in any of those countries?" Geneen replied, "Absolutely not." Commenting on a press report that two ITT representatives

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

We will omit issues
on August 13 (next week)
and August 27.

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in Santiago had offered money to Alessandri's campaign manager, Geneen said: "I can only say that nobody was authorized to make any kind of a contribution and nobody asked me to authorize one. If they did, I would have turned it down."

The Senate Intelligence Committee reported in 1975 that even though ITT had given $350,000 to the campaign of Allende's electoral opponent, (spending it according to CIA instructions), *after* Allende became president the company paid $20,000 in bribes to Jacobo Shaulsohn, a representative of the Allende government assigned to the team negotiating with ITT. The Allende regime and ITT were negotiating over the fate of the ITT-owned Chilean telephone company before it was finally nationalized in September 1971. Having failed to prevent Allende's rise to power, ITT quickly shifted tactics, suborning a trusted adviser of the Chilean president in the hope of forestalling nationalization and obtaining better terms if it occurred. The payments to Shaulsohn also were made with the knowledge of the CIA. Like the earlier CIA-recommended expenditures, they were in vain.

After the telephone company was nationalized, ITT sought redress in the form of an insurance payment from the US government. On October 8, 1971 the company filed a $94 million claim with the Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC), a government-sponsored organization responsible for insuring private American holdings as a way of encouraging private investment in underdeveloped countries. ITT had four insurance contracts with OPIC, each one specifically covering ITT for expropriation or nationalized action of its assets in Chile. (ITT has similar contracts covering its investments in other foreign countries.)

It was perfectly proper for ITT to make the claim. It had paid more than two million dollars in insurance premiums to OPIC. Furthermore, ITT had met *one* of the OPIC requirements by negotiating in good faith with the Chileans before the takeover. Other American companies, including the huge Kennecott Copper Company, submitted similar claims of their own. Ultimately OPIC received 23 claims totalling $450 million resulting from the Allende government takeover. Chile was considered so unstable that as far back as 1967, over 24 percent of total OPIC insurance contracts covered investments in Chile.

But there was a difference between ITT and the other companies filing claims with OPIC. The difference was that ITT, at the time its insurance claim was being processed, already was known to have meddled in Chilean politics, even though the full extent of these operations had not yet emerged.

As early as March 1972 Jack Anderson disclosed that ITT had offered the CIA one million dollars in July 1970, to be used in the anti-Allende campaign. Internal ITT documents revealed that Geneen had made the offer to William Broe, then chief of the CIA's clandestine operations for the Western Hemisphere. As the Senate Intelligence Committee reported later, ITT volunteered this money after the CIA station in Santiago "suggested the name of an individual who could be used as a secure channel for getting these funds to the Alessandri campaign." The CIA already was covertly financing the Alessandri forces with funds approved by Kissinger's "Forty Committee" for the anti-Allende "spoiling" operation. As a result CIA Director Helms decided that the Agency had no need for ITT's money. Nevertheless, the CIA was happy to help ITT direct a private contribution to the appropriate source.

The Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations opened hearings on ITT's interference with Chilean politics in March 1973, just as OPIC was approaching the end of its review of the company's $94 million insurance claim. The hearings covered Geneen's financial offer to the CIA, along with his efforts and those of his associates to persuade the Nixon administration to take an open anti-Allende posture. It is not clear whether ITT had any inkling of the CIA's deep involvement in Chilean politics when it first made contact. But it is a good guess that the company did. For one thing, John McCone, who was CIA Director in 1964 when the Agency secretly expended eight million dollars to prevent Allende from winning an election in that year (an election won by Eduardo Frei, a Christian Democrat fully supported by the Johnson administration), had become a member of ITT's board of directors. It was McCone who, through Helms, arranged for the meeting between Geneen and Broe, the CIA's Western Hemisphere chief. In any event, Geneen and his colleagues testifying to the subcommittee denied any ITT mischief-making within Chile, including contributions to Alessandri. The subcommittee appeared to believe him, although some senators criticized his efforts to influence American policy in Chile. Geneen argued that he and his company had the right to "petition" the government for a change of official policy toward Chile. The claim before OPIC was discussed at length, but Geneen said he assumed that the insurance payment would be made.

OPIC, however, was more suspicious of ITT than the Senate subcommittee was. On April 9, a week after Geneen's public denial of illegal activities, OPIC stunned him by rejecting the claim. Actually, its staff had recommended this action even before the subcommittee's hearings. Although ITT never informed OPIC that it had contributed the $350,000 to Alessandri—this became known only two-and-a-half years later—OPIC concluded that the company had breached the contract just by lobbying the administration in Washington and, as the Anderson papers had revealed, establishing political links with the Alessandri campaign in Santiago. Citing language from the insurance contract, OPIC ruled that ITT had failed to meet its

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obligation of full disclosure of information concerning "the nature either of the Project or the Investment" and, while the claim was pending, all facts "material to the claim." A former OPIC official remarked later, "ITT simply lied to us" in suggesting that it had no political involvements in Chile.

Thus OPIC took the view that ITT's political activities in the summer and fall of 1970 in Washington and Santiago amounted to a "material breach" of the contract. It reasoned that, in a way, ITT might have brought the expropriation on itself by antagonizing Allende, who learned of its hidden activities from the Jack Anderson stories. The great irony is that at that point OPIC had no idea how monumental, indeed, ITT's "material breach" had been. Not surprisingly, the CIA also failed to inform OPIC that ITT was financing the anti-Allende campaign. This particular piece of CIA misbehavior has been ignored in all the investigations of the intelligence community, despite its importance. In denying knowledge to another government agency, OPIC, the CIA had become an accomplice in the fraud. Its silence cost the American taxpayers $94 million.

On April 30, 1973, three weeks after OPIC denied the claim, ITT filed a demand for arbitration, as provided for under OPIC procedures. Instantly, the American Arbitration Association named a three-person "Commercial Arbitration Tribunal."

The arbitrators took their time. In November 1974, after hearing 18 witnesses and examining over 300 exhibits, they overruled OPIC and held that ITT was entitled to the insurance payment. Their view was that ITT had not committed any breach of contract by its 1970 dealings in Washington and Santiago. The arbitrators wrote that ITT's activity "was (a) either permissible gathering of information or (b) tentative, insubstantial activity, neither extensive nor effective, and not shown to have been followed up by ITTSA (ITT's South American subsidiary) in any significant manner," and that "ITTSA's 1970 activity in Chile . . . was not such as to be given any weight in this proceeding."

The arbitrators' opinion seems naive in the light of the facts that have emerged subsequently. To be sure the arbitrators, like OPIC, were unaware of the ITT contributions to Alessandri and the bribing of the Chilean negotiator. But even though Allende had been overthrown 14 months earlier and there were grave suspicions about the role played in these events by the US government and by ITT, the arbitrators seemed to disregard all of it. (Needless to say, the CIA was just as unhelpful to the panel as it had been to OPIC.) In their conclusions, for example, the arbitrators found that "there . . . was no evidence that a political contribution, if in fact one had been made, would have been a violation of the Chilean law." But this was irrelevant to the merits of the ITT claim before OPIC. Next, the panel argued that the insurance contracts "contain no express provision which forbids an Investor (a) to seek in the United States, US Government action in or toward a host country in support of the Investor's interests, or (b) to engage in any political activity designed to protect the Investor's property within the host country. It would have been natural, if any such prohibition by the contracts had been intended, to include it in explicit terms." Obviously such an idea never even occurred to OPIC in those relatively innocent days.

Faced with the arbitrators' ruling, OPIC had no choice but to pay ITT's insurance claim. After negotiating the details with ITT, OPIC paid the company $34 million in cash and provided a guarantee for $59 million of bonds issued by Chile's new military government in repayment for the expropriation of the telephone company. The settlement was announced on January 7, 1975; it added up to $94 million, the exact amount ITT had claimed in the first place.

In December 1975—11 months after ITT received its OPIC award—the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence issued its report on "Covert Action in Chile," describing how the company had financed the anti-Allende forces with the CIA's assistance. OPIC considered whether to reopen the whole case in light of the new information—it more than confirmed its worst suspicions of 1973—but an in-house review led to the conclusion that this would be impractical. OPIC assumed that the arbitration panel would again take the position that no matter what ITT really did in Chile, it could not be proved that the company was responsible for losing its investment since Allende, like everybody else, was unaware of the information not made public until 1975 when he nationalized ITT's holdings in 1971. OPIC felt that so long as the new Chilean regime was repaying ITT for the expropriation, the US government was being automatically reimbursed on an installment plan. ITT, of course, has to reimburse OPIC for any money it gets from Chile beyond the $59 million already deducted from its claim.

But this perpetrated fraud in making the original insurance claim without informing OPIC of all the material and significant facts—of which the $350,000 in payments in Chile clearly was a most acute example. It was on the basis of this reasoning that former Attorney General Levi decided last year to place this matter before the grand jury.

The Senate Intelligence Committee revelations about ITT's behavior in Chile also were the stimulus for the Securities and Exchange Commission investigation. ITT's failure to disclose these payments at the time they were made appears to be a violation of SEC regulations. ITT now has voluntarily disclosed that it has made $3.8 million in questionable payments to politicians at home and abroad. But SEC staff members are not certain whether the $350,000 expended in Chile is included in this total.

Looking beyond Chile, the SEC is trying to obtain the

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records of two ITT subsidiaries in foreign countries—the Commission will not name them publicly because ITT documents it had subpoened last year are under a protective court order—because of the possibility that major irregularities are involved. ITT claims that because of local laws these records cannot be made available, but persons close to the case suspect that the company may not have tried hard enough to provide them. These foreign records are said to contain "dynamite" concerning ITT's international dealings.

The skein of possible perjury and fraud involving ITT and the CIA has not been fully unraveled. Meanwhile, investigators are awaiting the completion of the White House review of "pending" cases. According to knowledgeable sources, the White House has been slow in providing needed documents, on grounds of sensitivity surrounding past actions of the intelligence community. It is up to President Carter to decide how much truth we shall be permitted to know about ITT, the CIA and their friends at home and abroad.

This article was prepared with the assistance of Emily Yoffe.

And the Eurocommunists dance.

Kremlin Cracks the Whip

by Michael Ledeen

The Russians have marshalled their forces for a major new campaign in the ideological struggle between East and West. The Kremlin has served notice on its allies and some of its own leaders that no further experimentation with "bourgeois" values will be tolerated, and this latest reversion to an all too familiar form has produced some important casualties, including the Berlin agreement of last year which apparently sanctioned the strategy of the "Eurocommunists."

The American human rights campaign has catalyzed latent tendencies in Moscow. The quick elimination of the "Charter 77" group in Prague, the imprisonment of others calling for the observance of human rights promised by the Helsinki agreement and the increasing difficulties encountered by Western groups trying to communicate with dissidents in Eastern Europe (not to mention the gruff rejection of our SALT proposals and the aggressive Soviet rhetoric at Belgrade) all point to the seriousness with which the Kremlin is taking Jimmy Carter's brave words.

The most recent development is the censure of Santiago Carrillo following the poor showing of the Spanish Communist Party (PCE) in the June elections. The Soviet excommunication of Carrillo was hardly a surprise. Long before the June condemnation there were signs that the advocates in the Kremlin of a more tolerant line toward European Communist apostasies had been losing ground. The most dramatic evidence was the removal of Konstantin Katuscev, Russian Communist Party secretary in charge of relations with foreign Communist parties, and his replacement by Boris Ponomariev. Katuscev had been a proponent of the Berlin Conference of 1976, and had encouraged Brezhnev to make his humiliating pilgrimage to Yugoslavia, attempting to bring Marshall Tito—the original Eurocommunist—back into the fold. Ponomariev, in contrast, is one of the most Stalinist of the Russian elite. He summoned the secretaries of 75 Communist parties to Prague at the end of April, and told them that proletarian internationalism (the international equivalent of the Leninist doctrine of democratic centralism) was once again the order of the day. "The testing ground of each of the elements of the Communist movement," Ponomariev said, "is its relationship with the Russian Communist Party." With this, the Soviets abrogated the principle, endorsed by Brezhnev in Berlin, that "only the working class of a country must judge the validity of the policies of its respective party."

The significance of the conflict between Carrillo and Moscow has been grossly overstated in the American press. After all, the Soviet Union attempted to create an anti-Carrillo Communist party in Spain—the so-called

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Lister group—in the late 1960s and early 1970s. In 1974 the Kremlin denounced Manuel Ascarate, Carrillo's foreign affairs specialist, as a threat to detente, a purveyor of "false theses" and "completely misguided." When the PCE was legalized, the Russians dispatched to Madrid their most trusted Spanish Stalinist, Dolores Ibarruri ("La Pasionaria"). Carrillo kept Ibarruri in quarantine during most of the election period: no internal dissension is tolerated by the PCE.

The violent and broad-ranging Soviet denunciation of Carrillo's "Eurocommunism" raised the possibility of a rupture with other Western European Communist parties. The Russian publication *New Times* warned that Carrillo's ideas, if carried to their logical conclusion, "would lead to a schism of the international Communist movement," and were evidence of the Spanish leader's "growing antisovietism."

Eurocommunism and the State, Carrillo's book, is indeed a harsh indictment of the Soviet Union, and would appear to be a logical step for any Communist party claiming to be part of the Western democratic tradition. But no schism between "Eurocommunism" and the Soviet Union has developed, because Carrillo's French and Italian comrades have no intention of breaking their close ties with the Kremlin. Not only did Marchais and Berlinguer fail to rally to Carrillo's side, but they once again accepted an ideological *diktat* from their ancient priests in Moscow.

In a feeble article in *l'Humanité*, Georges Marchais did not reject the word "Eurocommunism," but stressed that there was no new center of the Communist movement, and that there was certainly no criticism of other Communist parties implicit in the term. There were the usual ritual incantations to the independence of all parties and the "democratic" convictions of the PCF.

The case of the Italian Communist Party (PCI) is quite different. The conflict between the Kremlin and Carrillo was an ordeal by fire for Berlinguer. At the beginning of July a group of three PCI leaders went to Moscow to meet with an orthodox Russian trinity of Ponomariev, Zagladin and Suslov. After two days of discussions, a deal was struck. There would be no rupture. The PCI would not defend Carrillo, and the Russians would not excommunicate "Eurocommunism." The thoroughness of the PCI's obeisance to the Kremlin quickly became clear upon the return of these gentlemen to Rome. In the party weekly *Rinascita*, the faithful were told that "to those who ask that the PCI criticize the non-Socialist nature of the USSR and make political democracy the axis of a new international alignment, we once again say 'no.'"

The Russians were quick to demonstrate their approval. By July 10 *Pravda* was printing unstinting praise of the PCI and the PCF, hailing the strategy of Berlinguer for bringing about "a great change in the Italian political situation," and the effectiveness with which the PCF has "overcome the division in the French working class." A few days later *New Times* gave the Eurocommunists the ultimate ideological bouquet, reminding its readers that Lenin himself had said that "our principal hope, our greatest support will be the proletariat of Western Europe."

The triumph of Suslov, Zagladin and Ponomariev helps to dissipate many of the illusions some Western commentators have been busily purveying about Eurocommunism. First, there is still no fundamental conflict between the Western European Communist parties and the Kremlin. The Eurocommunists have made no definitive commitment to Europe.

Second, the three major Communist parties of Western Europe still are undemocratic monoliths. There undoubtedly are tens of thousands of French and Italian Communists who privately cheered Carrillo's sortie against the Soviet Union, but there was no general discussion of the question in the PCF or the PCI. Carrillo's handling of La Pasionaria shows that the PCE itself is hardly a model of democracy. A leading French Socialist passed through Washington a few weeks ago, and explained the poor showing of the PCE on the basis of "the evident contradiction between Carrillo's liberal language and the Stalinist structure of his party." This may credit Spanish voters with excessive perspicacity, but the point is an important one.

Finally, the oft-expressed hope that the Eurocommunists might threaten Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe because of their rhetorical endorsement of certain democratic values seems to be without foundation. If they will not even endorse the Western European dissenter Carrillo in a showdown with Brezhnev, how can they be expected to rally to the side of "illegitimate dissenters" in Eastern Europe? Any remaining doubts about this matter should be eliminated by the interview in *Der Spiegel* on July 11 with Gian Carlo Pajetta, one of the three PCI leaders who went to Moscow. Asked whether "Eurocommunism" encouraged dissent in Eastern Europe, he replied with cynical brevity: "First of all, these movements in the East bloc are not really relevant political forces. They are symptoms of uneasiness. We very much hope the governments in the East will implement what they are promising."

To be sure, Soviet hegemony is far from absolute, and ruptures are not unknown in the history of the "world Communist movement." Predictably, the strongest support for Carrillo came from Yugoslavia, and the Romanians have been making strongly nationalistic sounds again. These two cases illustrate the limits of Soviet control over Communists who are determined, for one reason or another, to strike out on their own. They also show the silliness of those who hold that any loss for the Kremlin is a gain for freedom. Or are Marshall Tito and President Ceausescu really Western-style democrats in totalitarian livery?

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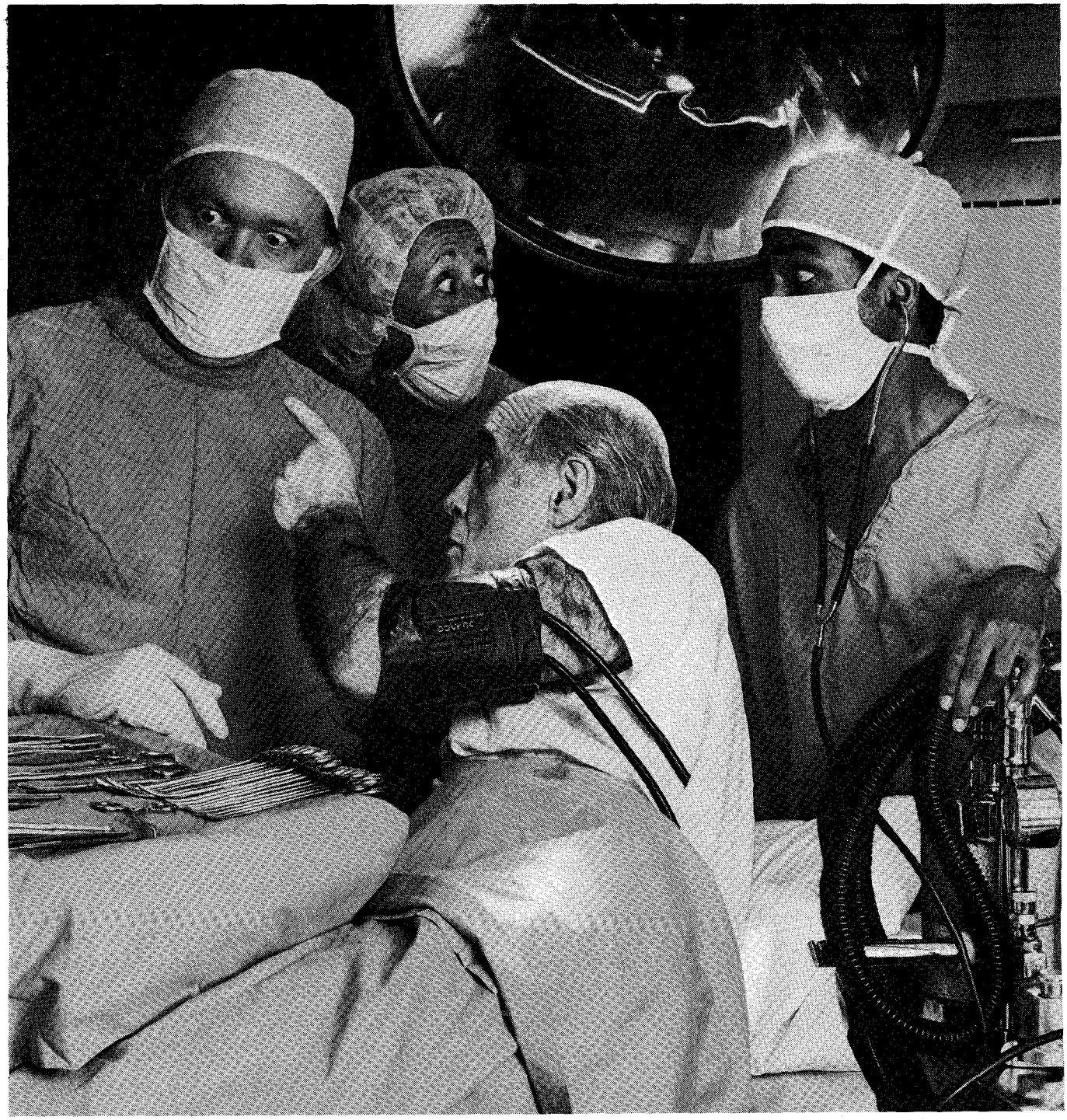

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[1] "Staggering" is probably too weak a word. The share of the gross national product which goes for health services has virtually doubled in the past 15 years. The Government's share of the national health bill is now $70 billion—a sum second only to national defense.

[2] This requires Ætna knowing what the prevailing charges are for every type of medical service in every area of the country, and examining each claim against that standard. Costs vary wildly from city to city. In Philadelphia, $413 is the average surgeon's charge for the removal of a gall bladder; in Manhattan, the same operation averages $813!

[3] Many minor operations—as many as 20% of all hospital operations—can properly be performed without the patient staying at the hospital overnight. At the now-prevailing rate of $175 a day, this could mean enormous savings. Ætna also advocates peer-group review by doctors of cases of improper hospitalization—again, to prevent misuse of hospital facilities.

[4] "Co-payment" reduces premiums; it also gives the consumer a reason to *care* about health costs, and to demand reasonable ones. Today, frankly, too many consumers of health care have too little stake in controlling costs.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

A Life's Work

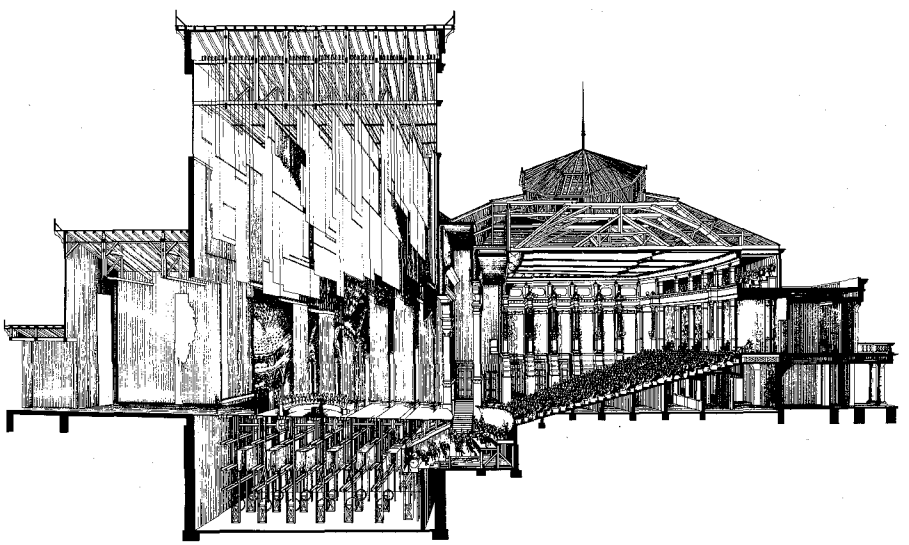
Theater Design by George C. Izenour

(McGraw-Hill; $49.50)

This magnificent book is, first of all, a bargain. I don't understand how this volume is priced at only $49.50 in today's market. A few details: 631 pages, double-columned; page size 11 1/4" high by 12" wide; more than 900 illustrations, most of them exquisite drawings made for this book, with five fold-out pages (the author collaborated on the layout); four-color end papers; full cloth binding; heavy coated paper. It's designed for desks and tables, not laps: it weighs 12 pounds. It's a bargain.

Second, it's not about design of scenery but of theater buildings—specifically, the insides where the performances take place. Students of theater history will know that, after Vitruvius whose *De Architectura* was written in the first century BC, the three big works in the field are Dumont (1774), Contant and De Filippi (1860), and Sachs and Woodrow (1896-98). These books are beautiful and invaluable, but they are in effect atlases: collections of drawings and plans of outstanding theaters of the day, with minimal comment, if any. *Theater Design* is a *text*: the many drawings, as fine as any in the above and meticulously accurate, illustrate that text and also are used in themselves as instruments of argument. This book is not a clothbound gallery: it's a history, an analysis, a philosophy, an esthetics, a technical guide. It does not replace the earlier works, but it surpasses them.

George Izenour (pronounced Eisen'ower) has just retired as Professor of Theater Design and Technology at the Yale School of Drama where he taught for 30 years. During that time he worked as a theater consultant (still works as one), and advised on 120 theater-building projects, 80 of which were realized all around the US, in Venezuela and in Israel. His inventions—he holds 19 patents—have greatly affected theater lighting and other theater technologies. To say that he is world-famous in his field is only precise. I've been hearing about this book for years: it was a decade in coming, and a friend of mine was one of the artists who prepared the drawings under Izenour's exacting scrutiny. I expected the result to be authoritative, which it is: I didn't dare to hope that it would be as splendid, as exciting, as it is, with much to reward anyone who cares about the theater or about the cultural past and present of the West and one salient aspect of its future.



Bayreuth Festspielhaus (19th Century) ©1977 G. C. Izenour Archive

The history of theater design in one way parallels the history of the drama itself: it began great and very soon got worse. Like many a tourist, I have stood in the last row of the theater at Epidaurus for the match-box trick. My guide, in the middle of the orchestra 200 feet away (the measurement from the scale of Izenour's drawing), struck a match, and I heard it as if it were next to me. On the other hand, I was at the first night of Peter Brook's *King Lear* at the then-new State Theater of Lincoln Center in 1964 and, sitting in the fifth row, knew that the sound was dying as it reached me. In the first intermission a man got up in the first row of the first balcony to protest the rotten acoustics—and no one could hear him!

This leads to a recurrent polemic in this book, Izenour's war with architects, the contest of the theater consultant concerned with the realization of performance for artist and audience versus the architect interested in the beauty of buildings and in self-expression.

> *Theater history shows the essential theater design reforms of the past century have been brought about mostly in spite of architecture. . . . The basic functional aspects of theater design (seeing, hearing and seating), by tradition rarely understood in any age, are even less understood today.*

Izenour's first chapter deals with these "basic functional aspects," makes matters vivid with diagrams and photographs, and makes us wonder how such seemingly obvious essentials could have been and still are so powerfully abused.

Then come two of the three long chapters that are, to the non-technical reader, most important: a history of theater design, replete with drawings, plans, and photographs; and the superlative chapter, a book in itself, "Chronological and Graphical Development of Theater Design," in which Izenour analyzes carefully, stringently, illuminatingly the design of 45 theaters from the Colosseum in Rome to the Loeb Drama Center at Harvard. The many plans are pellucid, the drawings superb, the result a cultural enlightenment. All the drawings are done to the same scale—1/8" to the foot. They are reduced differently to fit the book page, but the constant scale (a measure on every page) helps us to see what happened and, sometimes, why. For instance, Shakespeare's Theater, conjecturally restored, is followed by the Guthrie in Minneapolis: the juxtaposi-

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tion is itself a lucidity. (Some of the drawings have their whimsies. For instance, under the Colosseum, rats frisk. Drawn to scale.)

> *The intent* [says Izenour] *is to enrich the total heritage of theater history by recounting failures of design, engineering, and architecture as well as successes. . . . It is only . . . in the context of performance before an audience that they succeed or fail, which is a thing quite apart from architectural design. . . .*

Exploding popular myth, Izenour makes clear that the theaters of the past are a quite mixed bag: the bad ones didn't begin in our time. La Scala in Milan has sound and sight traps; Symphony Hall in Boston, acoustically supervised by Wallace Sabine, is a gem. Exploding another myth, Izenour emphasizes that the sciences of acoustics and seating geometries are not newfangled. The myth of their newness was probably fed by the disasters at Philharmonic Hall in New York. I won't quote Izenour's comments on Lincoln Center—magazine paper may be more flammable than this book's paper—but I'll risk what he says about Kennedy Center. He indicts the commission in charge for "rushing headlong into architecture" without adequate theater advice, and says:

> *What they have now to justify is an architecturally archaic, unrealistically sized, and badly sited performing arts center which the city of Washington, DC, cannot properly support and, because design of individual facilities reflects the past century and not the present one, the nation at large cannot be proud of owning.*

He makes his case.

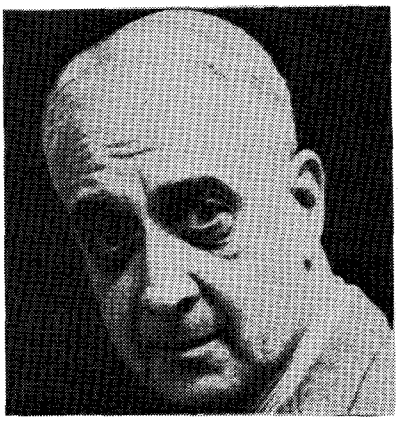
For Izenour, "the Bayreuth Festspielhaus . . . marks the beginning of contemporary theater design." (See illustration.) Built in 1876, it embodies the then-revolutionary ideas of that multifarious genius and horrible man, Richard Wagner, who was helped by the architect Otto Brückwald (Izenour is quick to credit architects where due) but especially by Carl Brandt, the first theater consultant of modern times. The transverse section shown here makes clear how Wagner concealed the orchestra; how he gave a simple sweeping rise of the audience floor to provide full view and intimacy (for over 1700 people); how the dome on the roof is *not* echoed in the ceiling of the hall, thus avoiding an acoustical snare. Izenour notes that the radius of the first row at Bayreuth and the steep rake for the succeeding rows are about equal to those at Epidaurus, plus the astonishing fact that the whole auditorium is almost a duplicate of a theater building in the Athenian Agora that was not excavated until 60 years after the Festspielhaus opened. This is especially interesting in light of the relation that Wagner (and the young Nietzsche) saw between his music-dramas and Greek tragedy.

Wagner is at the head of Izenour's list of innovators who changed theater design in the last 100 years, along with Carl Brandt. The others are the American engineer Dankmar Adler (the Chicago Auditorium-Theater); the German architect Max Littmann (the Weimar Hoftheater); the American acoustical scientist, Sabine; and three stage directors, Max Reinhardt, Jacques Copeau and Sir Tyrone Guthrie. In the matter of theater design Izenour might want to apply to these men an arresting statement he makes elsewhere:

> *. . . in the end, it is only technique in the hands of genius that effects change. The mutations of genius* change *history—technique* becomes *history.*

The third outstanding chapter is on the multiple use of theaters where, with more drawings and plans, Izenour discusses 25 such theaters on which he has worked since 1955. He concedes that a few singular performing groups need buildings of their own. Otherwise, multiple use is indicated. Economics dictates it. ("In the United States it is already evident that even the largest and richest privately owned and operated metropolitan cultural institutions are in serious trouble . . . and will eventually become publicly owned and operated. . . .") Technology enables it: electrically movable wall units and ceiling units, lights, seats are available to change the opera house into the chamber theater, even to vary shapes during performance. Izenour believes that the multiple-use theater will be the base of the Western Hemisphere's "own tradition in theater design."

He includes chapters on building codes—the history of theater fires and panics is a subject in itself—on financing, on engineering systems. Two scientific collaborators provide chapters on acoustics. There are chronological charts, an immense bibliography, and three indexes. To keep my critical franchise, I'd better point out that the captions on p. 243 are mixed and that there are some minor errors in the



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historical charts. But I must also make clear, if it's not already obvious, that I haven't done anything like justice to this fascinating and monumental book, surely a permanent addition to many kinds of libraries and, I hope, to many private bookshelves, too.

Several passions burn in this book. First, not to be easily assumed, a passion for accuracy: Izenour got the dimensions of most of the extant theater buildings, new and old, by measuring them himself. Then there is a passion for his profession, theater design. But beneath that is a root passion: he sees the encounter between live performer and audience—possibly in modes not yet predictable—as integral to civilization; and he sees the task of housing that encounter in a fitting and beautiful way as a challenge to the best that science and art can afford. Izenour is talking about an art *for* artists, and his faith in it, rational and iconoclastic, is strong.

B. H. Haggin on Ballet

Two Ballet Theatres

"Don't perform; just do the steps," I heard Balanchine say to Violette Verdy when he was making *La Source* with her (the equivalent of which would have been Bernard Shaw's telling Mrs. Patrick Campbell to just say the words in *Pygmalion*). But Edward Villella, replying some years earlier to my question what his dancer's eye perceived in the Verdy operation, mentioned "the amazing way Verdy understands a new role . . . as soon as it is started [and] brings something to it while she is learning the steps . . . . I remember when a dancer was showing her the steps of a role: when Verdy repeated them they weren't just the steps anymore, the way she suddenly brought them alive and made things happen and explode." One of Villella's examples of what Verdy brought to a role was her use of her eyes in the series of *passés* (the toe of one foot raised to the knee of the other foot) in her solo in *Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux*: "When she does this *passé-passé*-hold, it's not only the foot and the leg and the body and the arms, but the eyes too, with everything reaching the same point in time together"—the effect of which "very few [dancers] realize . . . and understand . . . but Verdy does." And as photographs of this repeated *passé-passé*-hold sequence in a Dance Horizons booklet about Verdy show, what Villella meant by "the body and the arms" was the changes in tilt of the head and in configuration of exquisitely inflected arms, wrists and fingers that were uniquely hers. Those photographs don't show the subtleties of timing and rhythmic inflection that made the enchanting movements breathtaking; but it is such photographs with their limitations that are all we will have from now on to recall to us the unique marvels she made of what she performed—the roles Balanchine made expressly for her in *Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux, Episodes, Liebeslieder Walzer, Emeralds, La Source*, and the ones originally made for other dancers. For her departure from the New York City Ballet last fall, as it turned out, ended the possibility of ever seeing their living realities again on the stage.

What Verdy had performed (like the role of Eliza Doolittle after Mrs. Campbell's era) was performed this past year by others, and—whether poorly or well—performed differently. The first *Emeralds* had Christine Redpath "just doing the steps" unimpressively (which, incredibly, she had been assigned to do several times the preceding year in place of Verdy when she was still with the company); the next one had Sara Leland doing no better; but then the outstandingly gifted Merrill Ashley made the supported arabesques and lifts of the opening scene, and the turns and other details of the following solo, beautiful and effective in her own style (which Verdy used to characterize enthusiastically as "so legal!"). In *La Source* Kay Mazzo performed prettily, which was not enough for anyone who had seen Verdy's performance. And concerning *Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux* I will report now what I forgot to report a year ago: that after having been danced for years by Melissa Hayden and Patricia McBride with little more than the necessary technical virtuosity that excited audiences, it was transformed into something overwhelmingly grand by the flow of Suzanne Farrell's large movements and the similar movements of Peter Martins's new solo.

Because of injuries Villella was another of the company's older great dancers whose performances of his roles in Balanchine's ballets were not seen this past year, and may never be seen on the stage again. As it happened, Helgi Tomasson was a handsome Oberon in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* who danced the solo to Mendelssohn's Scherzo with his elegance and clarity; and Robert Weiss danced it with his exciting elevation; but what both lacked was Villella's power of presence on the stage and power of spacious movement in the air. Merely to do the difficult and taxing steps of the Villella role in *Rubies* as well as Peter Schaufuss and Weiss did them was an impressive achievement; but what they did not achieve was the additional effect of those steps—not just the vigorous ones but the occasional delicate twisting movements—being done by Villella's powerful body. Nor did Schaufuss and Weiss achieve Villella's humor at certain points: not only in the episode of his sly misleading and eluding of the pursuing boys near the end of the last movement, but in his return to the stage in the middle of the slow movement—the manner of his debonair high-stepping past McBride with an unseeing glance, his sudden stop and double-take, and his dash to her for the resumption of their *pas de deux*.

Of the other two older greats of the company Allegra Kent, in one of her rare appearances, again created in *Bugaku* the image she maintains of a remote figure going through a ritual of passion that no one else—neither McBride nor Mazzo nor even Farrell—achieves. And Jacques d'Amboise astounded one with several of his dazzling performances in *Union Jack* and *Who Cares?*—after which Adam Luders did the steps in *Union Jack* and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous and Martins demonstrated the inability of an impassioned Frenchman or an elegant Dane to look and dance like an American musical-show hoofer in *Who Cares?*

Nor could either of the young dancers who were substituted for Francisco Moncion in the extraordinary walking *pas de deux* in *Emeralds* make of his part what his powerful presence and dramatic mask used to make of it. However it was the company's numerous gifted young dancers who produced superb performances of several great Balanchine classics: *The Four Temperaments* with Bart Cook in the Melancholic Variation, Ashley and Daniel Duell in the Sanguinic, Bonnefous in the Phlegmatic, Karin von Aroldingen in the Choleric; *Symphony in*

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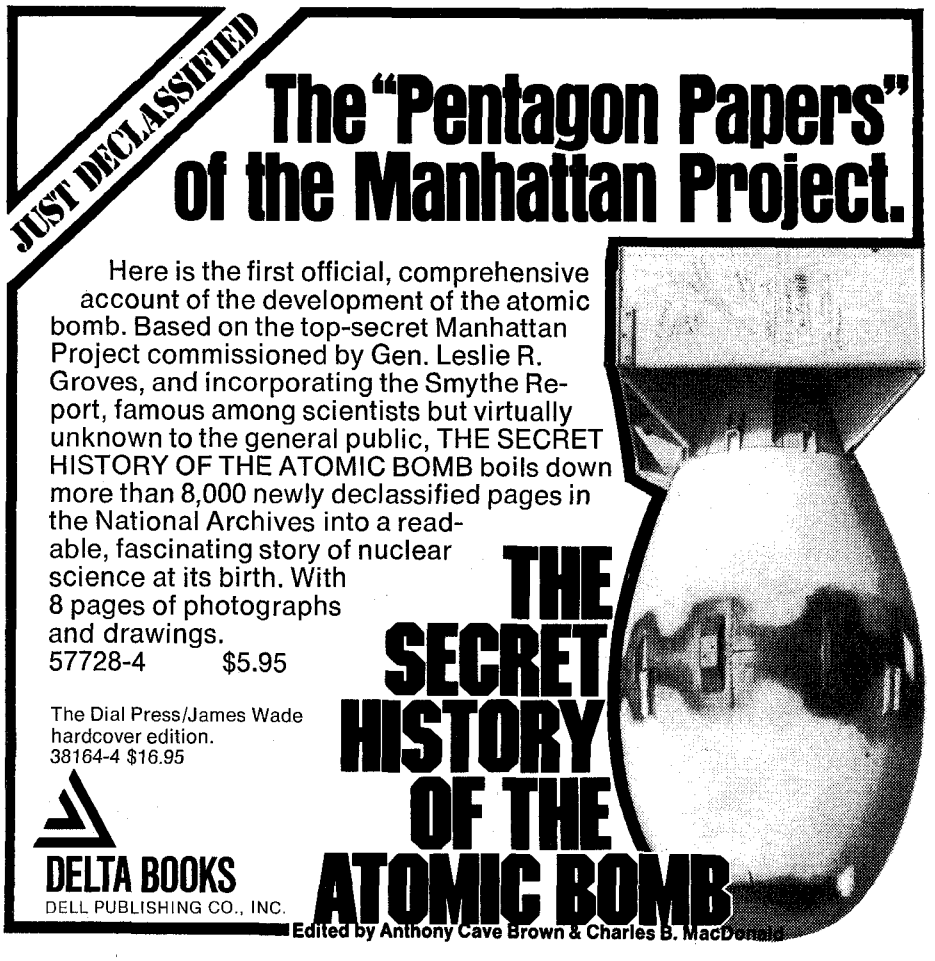
C with Collean Neary in the first movement, Ashley in the second, Heather Watts and Schaufuss in the third, Kyra Nichols in the fourth; *Divertimento No. 15* with Ashley, Neary, Nichols and Maria Caligari in addition to Farrell and Martins. And it was the young dancers who astounded one in *Bournonville Divertissements*—the one new work of the winter season shortened by the orchestra's strike.

Bournonville Divertissements was a staging of five numbers from ballets of the 19th-century Danish dancer, teacher and choreographer whose teachings, and the ballets in which he used what he taught, are preserved as the basic tradition of the Royal Danish Ballet. The numbers were a *ballabile* from *Napoli*, danced by Nichol Hlinka and Daniel Duell with a group of the corps; a *pas de deux* from *Kermesse in Bruges*, danced by McBride and Tomasson; a *pas de trois* from *La Ventana*, danced by Ashley, Nichols and Weiss; the well-known *pas de deux* from *Flower Festival in Genzano*, danced by Farrell and Martins; and a *pas de sept* from *A Folk Tale*, danced by Neary, Luders, Victor Castelli, Muriel Aasen, Wilhelmina Frankfort, Watts and Jean-Pierre Frohlich. They were chosen and staged by Stanley Williams, a former soloist of the Royal Danish Ballet who teaches in the School of American Ballet, and whose coaching of the young Americans resulted in performances which not only gave to the virtuoso showpieces an exciting life and charm that the recent Ballet Theater performance of the *pas de trois* from *La Ventana* had lacked, but enabled me even before I read Svend Kragh-Jacobsen's program note—to recognize in the difficult movements simpler forms of what I had been seeing in Balanchine's work. (It was not merely a matter of Balanchine's coming into direct contact with the Bournonville style, as Jacobsen mentions, when he came to the Royal Danish Ballet as guest choreographer in 1929: what he had learned years earlier in the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg had been a blending of the Bournonville style, taught in the school by his pupil Christian Johannson, with "the Italian virtuosity that was added . . . when Cecchetti was appointed dancer and teacher in 1890.")

The spring season's new ballet, Balanchine's *Wiener Walzer*, had scenery, costumes and waltzes to music of Johann Strauss, Franz Lehar and Richard Strauss that made it suitable for the festive atmosphere of the annual gala benefit at which it was given a preview. The waltzes were of course skillfully contrived and orchestrated on the stage, and therefore pleasant to look at; but they were not a creative achievement on the level of Balanchine's *Liebeslieder Walzer*. Two pieces of invention rose above the rest: the humorous steps of the fast *perpetuum mobile* to Johann Strauss's *Explosions Polka*; and the episode in the final scene in which Farrell, alone on the stage in a low-cut long white ball dress, displayed the beauty of her body and its movement in a slow walk to stage center, where she stopped, bowed low to an imagined partner, and began to move and turn with arms circling above her head, joined after a few moments by Bonnefous and then by other dancing couples for the final waltz.

After Glen Tetley's *Sargasso*, a monstrosity of modern-dance-style contortion and distortion that American Ballet Theatre presented some years ago, one thought the company would want no further works of his; but in the past year it offered two more. One, *Le Sacre du Printemps*, was a *perpetuum mobile* of frenetic writhing, leaping and worse that misused Stravinsky's score and the unfortunate dancers; the other, *Voluntaries*, was a quiet *perpetuum mobile* of ballet movements—to Poulenc's Concerto for Organ, Strings and Percussion—whose sequences and groupings were uninteresting from first to last. Thinking of the succession of worthless new works that Ballet Theatre had been presenting, I remembered the awful works of De Valois, Helpmann, MacMillan and others presented by the Sadler's Wells Ballet in its early visits, which had been occasions to point out that the company's service to us was not its offerings of contemporary English works—except for Ashton's comic masterpieces *Façade* and *A Wedding Bouquet*—but the opportunities it provided to see authentic and effective productions of the classics of the past—notably Nicolai Sergeyev's staging of *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Oliver Messel's beautifully imagined scenery and costumes, the dancing of the well-trained and rehearsed company, and Margot Fonteyn's enchanting Aurora. One could say the same of Ballet Theatre, even though it had presented a poorly designed *Giselle* in which Makarova had been free to make damaging changes in the choreography of the second act, and a poorly designed *Swan Lake* in which she dictated damaging tempos for her slow-motion perfor-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mance. And for this year's *Sleeping Beauty* the company was having Mary Skeaping reproduce the Sergeyev staging and Messel duplicate his scenery and costumes for it. I looked forward, therefore, to seeing again the reality and totality of what my mind retained as a few dimly remembered fragments; and I was shocked by costumes whose garish colors I knew I had not seen years ago; a backdrop of a palace that I knew had not looked as drab as it did now; choreography that was less effective, not only because of the changes but because it was not executed as well; a lack of the over-all distinction that I remembered—to say nothing of the interpolation of the scene in *La Sylphide* in which Madge and the other witches brew their mischief, in place of the three sinister old women knitting that I saw in the first act years ago.

As it happened, these impressions were confirmed and accounted for by two pieces in the latest issue of *Ballet Review*—an interview with Skeaping and a review by David Vaughan. Skeaping said she had been unable to complete her task because of Ballet Theatre's inability to provide the necessary rehearsal time: Vaughan said, specifically, that in the limited rehearsal time she "could just about teach the dancers the steps, but could hardly begin to teach them *how* to dance them." This was because the company hasn't "a recognizable classic style shared by all the dancers," whereas "when the then Vic-Wells Ballet first began to dance *Beauty* in 1939 . . . a style was already in the process of being formed on the basis of the nineteenth century classics as produced by Sergeyev"—the style that, by the time Sadler's Wells first performed *The Sleeping Beauty* here in 1949, gave the dancing the effectiveness, and the performance the over-all distinction that I remembered. Vaughan considered the company's eclectic repertory-building policy "not conducive to homogeneity of style, particularly when there is apparently no one in authority who will say no to dancers who change choreography to suit their whims"—by whom he meant Makarova, who "in *Beauty* on opening night performed various passages according to the Kirov version she was used to." In the much later performance I saw, Cynthia Gregory performed the prescribed movements of the Rose Adagio and the final *pas de deux* with impressive security and perfection, though she presented the image of a serenely mature woman instead of an impulsive young girl.

Paradoxically it was the ruthless will of the Makarova who introduced Kirov movements into the Sergeyev-Skeaping *Sleeping Beauty* that enabled her to get the girls slowly coming down the ramp, at the beginning of *La Bayadère*, to exhibit in their succession of arabesques a style shared by all that was beautiful and exciting to see not only in this sequence but in what followed. In the first performance I saw Makarova danced with her exquisite fluidity, and Fernando Bujones soared into space with his contained elegance; in the second Gelsey Kirkland exhibited her sharply defining clarity of configuration, and Mikhail Baryshnikov not only added personal warmth and spontaneity to his virtuosity but demonstrated again that to do the phenomenal things he does on the stage is as natural for him as swimming is for a fish.

The new *Nutcracker* was not a new staging of the original Petipa-Tchaikovsky ballet, nor even, like Balanchine's, an invention of new choreography for the original Petipa scenario and the music Tchaikovsky fitted to it. Baryshnikov used the music for a scenario of his own that is unsuited to it. Tchaikovsky's score is a marvelous evocation of a child's real world, seen in the first-act Christmas party, and a child's imagined world, seen in the dream of little Clara that follows the party—the dream of the two children's visit to the Kingdom of Sweets, in which the divertissements for their entertainment culminate in the *pas de deux* of the Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier with its impassioned supported adagio. Baryshnikov's Clara, a grown-up young girl, dreams of being taken by her grown-up young Nutcracker-Prince to his palace, where it is they who dance the impassioned supported adagio that is interfered with by a Drosselmeyer attempting unsuccessfully to take Clara away from her Prince. And after the final waltz all the characters disappear, leaving Clara alone in the morning sunlight that streams into her room. As one watches all this one is aware that the music is incompatible with it; and I find it hard to understand Baryshnikov's *not* being aware of it. The performance I saw had Makarova and Bujones dancing the little they were given to dance very beautifully.

One must be grateful to Ballet Theatre for the opportunity to see two historic Diaghilev classics, *Firebird* and *Petrushka*. The *Firebird* was as nearly as possible the original Fokine version fitted to Stravinsky's spacious and luxuriantly orchestrated 1910 score—which is to say that it was this version as restaged in 1926 with scenery by Natalie Gontcharova, as restored by Serge Grigoriev and Lubov Tchernicheva for the Royal Ballet, which presented it here in 1955, and as duplicated now by Christopher Newton. As in 1955, I liked the general effect of greater amplitude in music and story line, and found the *pas de deux* of the captured bird struggling to free itself from Ivan Tsarevitch as impressively original, imaginative and effective as when I first saw it in 1916; and in the expanded scene involving Kostchei and his subjects it was interesting to see what had been impressively imaginative in 1910 even if it was less effective today. The Firebird's animated entrance solo called for what Gregory's technique could give it; and she was impressive also in the *pas de deux*.

The *Petrushka* was Yurek Lazovsky's reproduction of the last Fokine version

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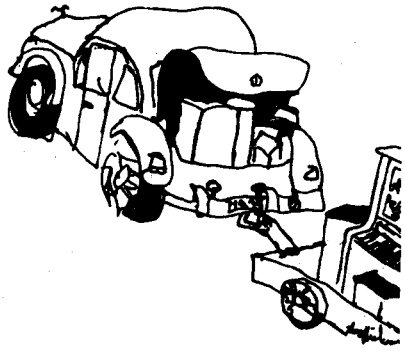

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that Ballet Theatre presented in the '40s with Lazovsky's great performance in the title role; and the choreographed portions were identical with those Lazovsky had reproduced for the Joffrey Ballet; but the production—including even the unchoreographed milling about of the crowd—looked better spaced out on the large Metropolitcan Opera stage than squeezed onto the stage of the City Center. With Marcos Paredes's Blackamoor and Karen Brock's Dancer, both good, I was fortunate in seeing Erik Bruhn's Petrushka—interesting in its casting off the traditional mask of chalk-white face with zigzag black mouth, so that one saw a human face with the puppet's movements. The combination of the choreographed portions with Stravinsky's music struck me again as one of the masterpieces of 20th-century ballet that should be in the repertory of every ballet company.

Wolf Von Eckardt on Architecture

The Death of the Moderns (I)

Modern architecture died on April 21, 1972. Few architects noticed. The public did not care. No one mourned. It was never popular.

The end was not unexpected. The International Style—as the architecture conceived by Walter Gropius at the Bauhaus in Weimar and by Le Corbusier in his atelier in Paris, came to be known—had long been feverish, erratic and contradictory. There had been a lot of doctoring. But no one got at the basic affliction, which was that Modern architecture is an abstract art—an abstraction that failed to meet practical human needs.

Courtesy of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

This affliction caused the authorities in St. Louis, that April morning five years ago, to do the only thing left to do with the modern highrise slabs of the Pruitt-Igoe public housing project. They blew them up. With dynamite. The first of the 33 identical human filing cabinets collapsed in 20 seconds flat.

Pruitt-Igoe, much praised when it was built in 1957, was designed by Minoru Yamasaki, who later gave us New York City's 100-story, twin-towered World Trade Center. It was inspired by Le Corbusier's *Ville Radieuse*, a concept proposed in the early '20s which was to lift people out of the misery of crowded streets and tenaments and stack them in widely spaced apartment towers. The towers were to be planted in beautiful parks and the parks were to be traversed by high speed freeways. The Parisians who saw Le Corbusier's exhibit angrily ridiculed the proposal to plow up their city and turn it into a park studded with skyscrapers. City planners all over the world adopted the idea. It is the essence of International Style urbanism or, rather, anti-urbanism, and came with an architecture to match.

The Ville Radieuse scheme has some plausibility. Like most revolutions, the architectural revolution of the 1920s was more concerned with destroying the old order than with creating a new one. The modern avant-garde was revolted by the slums and squalor of the industrial city, all smothered, as the avant-garde saw it, in hypocritical, bourgeois Victorian gimcrackery. The Moderns wanted people to live high up in sunshine and fresh air. They wanted "honest" structures without ornament. And they were possessed by a giddy idolatry of machinery and the promise of what mass production might produce for the masses.

In the machine age, Le Corbusier declared in 1923 in his tract *Vers Une Architecture*, "the human animal stands breathless and panting before a tool that he cannot take hold of. Progress appears to him as hateful as it is praiseworthy. All is confusion within his mind. He feels himself to be the slave of a frantic state of things and experiences no sense of liberation or comfort . . ."

Calm yourself, human animal, Le Corbusier said in effect. A new architecture will build a bridge to progress for you. We will build a better world for all mankind, particularly the working class. We will—and to this day architects like to use this phrase on exalted occasions—design the total man-made environment.

"It will rise one day toward heaven from the hands of a million workers like the crystal symbol of a new faith," proclaimed Gropius as he founded the Bauhaus school of design at Weimar.

"Architecture or revolution," shouted Le Corbusier.

Hubris? Chutzpah? The claim on totality lacks modesty. Yet, on reflection, the idea is not entirely unreasonable. As Le Corbusier noted, it required, first of all, "a revolution in the conception of what architecture is." Before him, architecture was the art and science of designing buildings for the greater glory of prelates, princes, and potentates. The masses fended for themselves.

While Palladio was busy designing exquisite country houses for the Italian nobility, the peasants were quite capable

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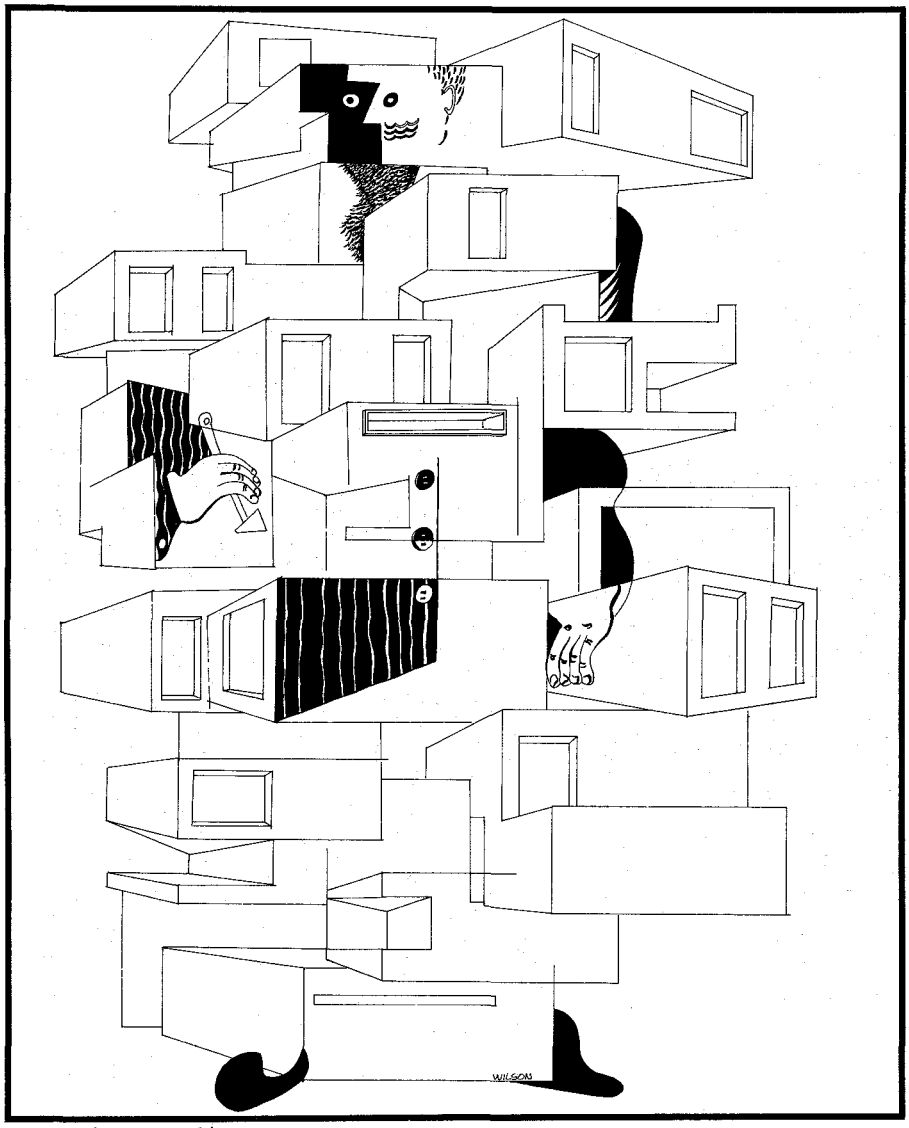
of building their own habitat, using the accumulated skill and wisdom of centuries as their blueprint. "Architecture without architects," as we all know, adds up to lovely villages and towns and can be as delightful as the architecture of great masters—and is frequently more commodious.

Mechanization, however, put an end to do-it-yourself folk architecture, at least in industrial cities. We have all stood "breathless and panting" before a rider.

While it is true, then, that the total man-made environment must be designed, it is also somewhat frightening. One wonders who the designers are and what their purposes might be. Total design for total perfection becomes inevitably totalitarian. It does not often dare risk freedom and individual creativity. The residents in Mies van der Rohe's Lake Shore Drive Apartments in Chicago, for instance, may not hang



Drawing by Forrest Wilson

leaking pipe, to say nothing of a stalled elevator. And it is clear that in industrialized society, everything from the machine-made tooth pick to the entire metropolitan region, must somehow be designed. It must, furthermore, be well designed, coordinated and largely standardized, lest the advantages of mechanization are cancelled out or even reversed by distressing disadvantages. They often are. For lack of proper urban design, for instance, it takes the average motorist three times as long to get to work in the morning than it took the average horse-drawn streetcar curtains of their own choosing. That would spoil the Modern esthetic. In Eero Saarinen's CBS Building, even high executives can't change a waste basket or ashtray, let alone a painting, in the totally designed interior. It is for their own good, of course.

The Moderns inherited the notion that architecture has the power of redemption—and total architecture the power of total redemption—from the English arts and crafts movement of John Ruskin and William Morris. Much like Gropius and Le Corbusier, Morris promised that "the glorious art of architecture, now for some time slain by commercial greed, would be born again and flourish." At that point, he said, "millions of those who now sit in darkness will be enlightened by an art made by the people and for the people." The art Morris had in mind was that of medieval craftsmen and the saccharine neo-Gothic of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Modern architecture was created in the image of abstract art: the Cubism of Picasso, Braque, Juan Gris and Leger; de Stijl as represented by Mondrian and van Doesburg; Abstract Expressionism as taught by Paul Klee and Kandinsky at the Bauhaus; and, most of all, the Constructivism of the Russians El Lissitzky, Tatlin, Melnikov, and the Vesnin brothers and the Hungarian Moholy-Nagy, who also taught at the Bauhaus. Constructivism had its heyday in the Soviet Union between Lenin's NEP (New Economic Order) and Stalin's assumption of power, between 1928 and 1931. We never knew how much influence it had on the West European avant-garde until the Soviets recently began to open their collections to Western art historical research. Stalin had not only surpressed art he disliked, but also all memory of it. And the Western avant-garde, smarting under Nazi accusations of "cultural bolshevism," saw no reason to brag about the red sheep in the flock, even after Gropius, Mies, Moholy-Nagy and others had come to America.

But you see the influence if you compare Konstantin Melnikov's Rusakov Club with Marcel Breuer's Whitney Museum. Melnikov's Constructivist building in Moscow was completed in 1928. Breuer's post-Bauhaus building in New York City was completed in 1966. With their brutal, angular protrusions and provocatively angular window openings, they are almost alike. Both contemptuously upstage their older neighbors.

Like Gropius, Mies (who succeeded Gropius as director of the Bauhaus in Germany), Le Corbusier, and the rest of the Western avant-garde, the Russian Constructivists did not construct very much. Times were terrible and there was no money for buildings. Architects drew visions on paper. Mies drew his glass skyscrapers and El Lissitzky drew "cloud props" and no engineer questioned how they would stand up, no contractor asked how they were to be built, and no one had to live in them.

It was a time not to build but to talk. Architects talked bravely of reforming not only architecture and the total man-

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made environment, but also of reforming society. They talked about their social responsibilities and agreed, in countless manifestos and charters, that the artist must control over-mechanized mass production, that there must be a marriage of art and technology. There was to be no new style. "Style" was a dirty word. There was to be pragmatic "problem solving." Form was to follow function. Ornament was crime. And history, they said at the Bauhaus, "is bunk." Until a few years ago, American architecture schools offered no courses in architectural history.

Without looking back where architecture had been, the avant-garde had no guide to where it was going. It was mesmerized by abstract art, by the tension of interlocking cubes, the wit of well-arranged geometry, the shape of dreams and the dream of shapeless buildings. "Less is more," said Mies, the classicist of the movement. "Architecture is the correct play of light and shadow under the sun," said Le Corbusier, the romantic.

Mies, in the end, reduced his Gallery of Twentieth Century Art in Berlin to a roof with four pillars, covering an invisible, glass enclosed space. It is architecture reduced to the absurd, much as Malevich, in his "White on White" canvas, had reduced painting to the absurd.

Le Corbusier, on the other extreme, gave up the struggle for anything faintly rational, anything that might help or house people, anything that might bring rampant technology under contol. In 1950, impulsively and without warning, he created Ronchamp, a small chapel in the Vosges Mountains that separate France from Germany. It was a work of abstract sculpture, "not a building, but a monument," as Le Corbusier put it. It was not so much a building to worship in, as a shrine to be worshiped.

And worshiped it was by the critics, curators, experts, cognicenti, connoisseurs and teachers of architecture—as devoutly worshiped as the Miesean glass box on the other end of that total, man-made environment. The common folk still seemed confused. It seems doubtful that the breathless and panting human animal experienced any sense of liberation or comfort. But then, nobody asked.

The marriage of art and technology was never consummated. To this day, building remains the industry the industrial revolution has overlooked. We still have a chronic and desperate shortage of decent housing, although there never seems to be a shortage of automobiles.

Try as they would, the Modernists could never get houses to roll off the assembly line. Not *their* houses. Le Corbusier's attempt in 1922 to mass produce his Citrohan house and Walter Gropius's "series" houses of 1929, never got beyond impassionate write-ups in the Sunday supplements, giggles and smirks. Workers who spent all day with noisy machinery were in no mood to come home to a *"machine à habiter"* and drink their beer in a contraption of bent chrome pipes. The poor felt deprived enough without being deprived of their bourgeois aspiration for doilies and overstuffed chairs.

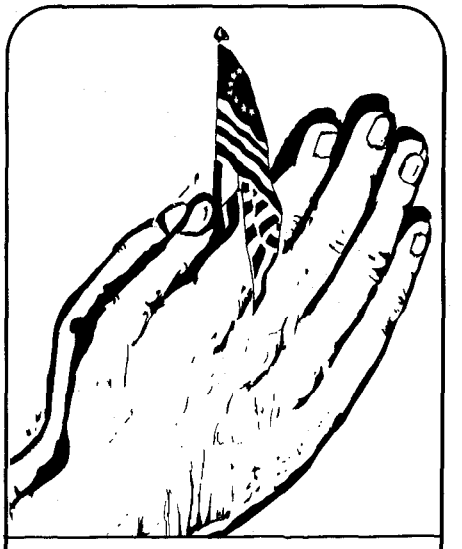
To be fair, George Romney also failed a few years ago, when he was US Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, to break through the frustrations of the fragmented building industry to achieve lower cost and higher productivity. Nothing came of his much-touted "Operation Breakthrough" except the realization that there is no point in mass producing anything unless it can be shipped cheaply to the consumer either in one piece or in easily assembled components. To make the components fit, they must be standardized, which is difficult to do in a country in which some 5000 political jurisdictions have 5000 different building codes, calling for different specifications. Industrial production, furthermore, requires highly paid union labor, while most "stick building" of suburban homes is done by lower paid non-union labor. Besides, even if you save 10 or 20 percent of the construction cost, you do not save much on the total cost of the house. Construction accounts for only about 48 percent. The rest is paid for land, the cost of borrowing money, and sewers and other utilities.

We do have inexpensively prefabricated houses, however, that serve people of moderate means so well that they now account for three out of every 10 new houses sold in this country. They used to be called trailers and are now called "mobile homes." Modern architecture, nor George Romney, for that matter, can claim neither pride nor credit for them.

Being frustrated in evolving its own, new building technology—as the Gothic style had done—the Moderns substituted a machine *esthetic* that was mostly symbolic. Mies's glossy, machine-precise, modular buildings are painstakingly and expensively handcrafted to look mechanical and machine-made. Mies insisted on designing different steel beams for practically every one of his buildings. The romantic wing of the Modern movement, led by Le Corbusier, soon tired even of machine-made materials, such as glass and metal components and sculptured its bizarre forms mostly in rough, "organic"-looking concrete.

The only new building technologies we have seen in our century are structures supported by tensile rather than compressive strength, such as space frames, geodesic domes, concrete shells, cable supports and balloon structures. They were all developed by engineers, rather than architects and, with few exceptions, remain isolated buildings for limited purposes—exhibit pavilions, sport arenas, airplane hangars—outside the mainstream of Modern architecture. They contribute nothing to bring "architecture back to earth and make a new home for man," as Lewis Mumford urged 14 years ago.

(This is the first of a two-part article. Wolf Von Eckardt will write a column on architecture for TNR *starting in the fall.)*



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Playroom and Anteroom: A Verse Miscellany

"Let it teach, let it move, let it give pleasure," ran the old prescription for poetry (ut doceat, ut moveat, ut delectet), *to which the generations under their breath have added that not the least of these was the last. The poet's motive may be light as well as grave, and his work may be both by turns or even both in the same instant, as epic humor and devotional wit remind us. If what Coleridge called the Primary Imagination can still be granted as a creative or transfiguring power, we may see what he called Fancy often grading into it in practice. Or, at times, not grading into it at all, but remaining this side of it, as the poems in the present selection mainly do. They are all from the playroom of verse where pleasure is the point. But the playroom may serve as an anteroom, as here and there appears. Reflections on the animal kingdom—a realm of Fancy that may well, or just as well, be divine—are followed by an ode, so called no doubt for being so far from Pindaric, and by a short intellectual history, short and dry. Then comes a scary feat with a puddle, a sober judgment on kittenhood, and a portrait of worldliness out of this world. Finally, a market notice on an ancient commodity, and a long look at the firmament (and the Lyric) from one in motion.*

—R. F.

REMEMBERING THE ANIMALS

In these evil times let us remember the animals.
The giraffe,
whose lofty elegance
surprises with delight;
the melancholy serenity of her gaze
seeming to recognize
that her speed will not outpace disaster or death.
That other, for all his ponderous bulk
gentle as the giraffe.
He, too, no carnivore, despite his giant tusks,
the elephant.
Whose fatherly wisdom
is huge as his ears and his feet and his appetite,
yet who displays a sense of humor also:
concluding with so small a tail,
looking at heaven and earth out of such tiny eyes.
There is the stormy beauty of the tiger,
silent as lightning, dangerous
as the fabled thunder bolt.
Praise the various beauties of the other great cats, of some
lesser ones;
the miniature beauty of the black mouse
with ears like black poppies;
More creatures than can be named, and each a marvel.
One in especial, the incomparable dolphin.
Who lives in the water, now and then trying the air
briefly.
Who is a mammal, like us,
like us, an endangered species, but not through his own fault.
He is ever so clever and happy nevertheless.
The dolphin,
whose language is a dance.
Were God a dolphin,
what would the world be like?

Babette Deutsch

ODE TO LUTHER SPERBERG

The world must have made sense at one time
or another
even to people like ourselves, for whom fiction
is the ultimate reality.
I need not point out that I fail to grasp
whatever significance
my day-to-day living might have beyond itself.
There are some days, though,
when the sheer ordinariness of my life delights me
utterly,
and I know that I am as happy as any human being
ever has been or will be.
Some people I know never seem to worry about
the disordered nature of their experience.
Stanley Stringfellow is such a person.
Not long ago he came to visit.
We sat in my living room and drank coffee
and ate gooseberry pie,
and Stanley detailed the pleasures and perils
of his eclectic love life.
At one point in the conversation he leaned toward me
in a confidential manner and said:
"There's something I've never told you.
When I was hitchhiking outside of Boston
last summer, I was picked up by a truckdriver
who drove me to his house
and forced me to have relations with his wife.
Later the three of us ate supper together
and watched *The Wizard of Oz* on TV. . . ."

And then there is the case of Arielle Smith,
a young woman of breath-taking ambition,
who has nightmares of sinking into the lower class.
Every year she takes an expensive vacation.
This year she traveled extensively in Eastern Europe,
and when she returned, she returned complaining
that all the men she had met over there
were charming but unsuccessful.
Lately Arielle has developed an enormous interest
in the shortcomings of a mutual friend,
a harmless girl with barely a cent to her name,
who continues to live at the White Hourse Inn
even though she claims to have a phobia of centaurs.

What can one say about such fears and such friends?
I try to mind my own business
The pages in my diary are all blank so far this year.
I keep meaning to go back
and fill them in, but I doubt that I ever shall.
You know how time keeps going on and on.

John Ramington

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A SHORT HISTORY OF JUDIAC THOUGHT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY*

The rabbis wrote:
although it is forbidden
to touch a dying person,
nevertheless, if the house
catches fire
he must be removed
from the house.

Barbaric!
I say,
and whom may I touch then,
aren't we all
dying?

You smile
your old negotiator's smile
and ask:
but aren't all our houses
burning?

Linda Pastan

*First published in *Moment*

OUR 'CIVILIZATION'

Just a scuzzy black puddle in the driveway.
All through the modern age the sense of self
has been diminishing, and on this dry morning

observe the edges of the puddle shrinking back,
leaving a residue of scum five molecules thick on the rough
surface of the blacktop, where the new Buick goes back and forth,

back and forth through the day
as the wife goes out and back: to the dry-cleaner,
the hair-dresser, picks up her children

at school, her husband at the station.
Soon it is evening.
Lights on in the house and the television speaking.

I walk through the darkness and come to the puddle.
At a certain angle the half-moon
is reflected, as I totter on the edge looking down,

for this is a puddle I could fall into,
fall deep deep and swim like an eel in the ocean
among the coral and the stones

and the old tires and rusted cans
which have drifted out here miles from shore
on which algae grow, and where the fry, the guppies

that I live on make their homes.
In the vast ocean I slither along the bottom
through the cold muck, a dark electric thing

of which the children are not taught at school,
of which the television makes no mention.
Then, after the children have been put to bed

one by one the lights in the house click off
and the shrunken puddle fills up the darkness.
I swim through windows and doors
and populate the house with dreams.
I am a needle swimming through the eyes of dreamers,
each soul in the house a patch sewn into a quilt.

But somewhere a child (the little girl)
has thrown her cover to the floor.
She sits up in the dark shivering and yells

yells yells out at the sensible night.
The others rush in and say hush, it is nothing, nothing at all,
and after a while she calms herself, is consoled
(tomorrow the puddle will be gone) and sleeps.

John Morgan

THE KITTENS

And the kittens, they sinned against the Cat,
and they walked in the statutes of the dog,
and wrought wickedness and ate unclean and spat,
and broke every law in the decalogue.

Don't think they weren't warned about all that:
how outré to light candles to a frog,
how batty to burn incense to a bat,
how *infra dig* to idolize a hog.

Notwithstanding doctrine on where it's at,
taught them in church and mosque and synagogue,
they did secretly things more like a rat,
and sold themselves for nooky and cheap grog.

But kitties know Cat's for real, not a jive.
More than one way he can skin us alive.

R. A. Landor

IN THE PALAZZO OF PELLUCID

Whenever he walked they talked in whispers
For his words were goblets of finest crystal
Each engraved with his initial, the famous crested P.
They were vessels of the wine of his meaning
Subtle vintages of red and white
Laid down from the good years of Pellucid.

His thought was a groaning table
Or rather many
To which Gaston Lenôtre did service.
There was the paté of his Platonic triad
The caviar of his Nous
His wisdom a mean between the extremes of smoked salmon
and melon balls

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His love an omelette of agapê
His shrewd intelligence and clear eye
(Heritage of peasant ancestors)
A bulwark to all, though touched with a splendid sadness,
Against the lawless speculation of chicken cacciatore,
The transcendent impulse, a vanity soon thwarted, of soufflé.
Simple elegance was his motto, impeccably served.

At noon he was pleased to walk in the gallery
Spirits of the past dogged his footsteps
Click, click, click his heels would go on the tiles
Petitioned, would nod,
Surrounded by fire would talk candles to Dr. Ridley,
Connoisseur in the cathedral of Knowledge,
Keeper of its privy seal was Pellucid.

At night he would tune his violin
For they came at him from all sides,
Men with bold designs to circumvent ozone,
To stamp out the Pelagian heresy,
To publish his works in all languages;
Women desperately seeking love.
Hazang, hazang, hazang.
Sadness crouched by his bed.
Would shake himself, put on his smile,
Return to the restless masses
Strong in his white suit like the sun.

Entering, the babbling parliament grew silent.
Corrupt, and those the boldest, turned their glance aside.
The memory of pebbles rolled in his mouth,
The long sweep of the shore as he spread his robe,
His eyes piercing a thousand eyes.
"Cartago," he murmured; the roar of the sea replied,
Raising his arms, "Lacrimae," and pure streams of tears
poured from their eyes;
"Genetrix" (for they loved him).
And ended demurely: "Ite, missa est."
He turned amid cries of assent
(Hands plucking his garment)
Thrust off the purple, walked home a citizen.

You, too, know Pellucid, passed by his house last night,
Heard the resplendent, agonizing cry of strings,
Moved forward, moved by that thought,
Into the shadow of his desolation.
Still he paces the floor, waiting,
Knowing duty and the tears of things:
Carthage to be destroyed, pieties served.
Also humble things:
The gods of threshold and of hearth
To be honored in a dark time.

Days he walks in the gallery.
Nights in another place, always playing.
Ignorant neighbors say, "Pellucid is playing.
He lives next door to Walter R. Lansdale, III."

O. B. Hardison, Jr.

THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

I am getting out of the business of living
To become a merchant of dust,
Selling buckets, barrels of dust.
My only rival is the wind
Blowing my profits.

Some manufacture loneliness;
I manufacture dust
Nesting on leaves, branches,
Sidewalks, sills;
Darkening mirrors.

My business is booming;
I need more space.
I move my merchandise
To the cemetary,
Make partners of the dead.

Ryah Tumarkin Goodman

THE LYRE

for Robin

Looking at the stars we find
The Dragon, The Serpent, The Lynx and
The Bear. You say:
Our galaxy speeds
twelve miles per second
in the direction of
The Lyre.

For Orpheus is somewhere
singing.
The beasts of the sky
are tamed
and move like cattle going home
in the evening.
Everything follows: sun, earth, the stone
in the river.

Eurydice must have said:
"How do I tell him
not
to look back?"
For women want hands
to touch them
into song. But
Orpheus

looked back,
as I do,
as you do,
while the instrument of our playing
is flung into space
where it will drift,
pulling us.

Siv Cedering Fox

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Books Considered

The Control of Oil by John M. Blair

(Pantheon; $15)

The Brotherhood of Oil by Robert Engler

(University of Chicago; $12.50)

In late May, the *Wall Street Journal* commented at length on the energy crisis. The editorial was so in conflict with reality that one was tempted to dismiss it as a work of unwitting satire by an unconscious Russell Baker, but it was a serious symptom of the debased level of public discussion in this area. It is appalling that business ideologists at the *Journal*, or Republican Presidents and oil Democrats can soberly suggest that the Platonic simplicities of Economics One be applied to an industry which is a monument to at least a half century of violating both the anti-trust statutes and the law of supply and demand. Only they do and people seriously debate whether price decontrol might not accurately price energy resources and thereby fix their use at the proper level.

These new books by John M. Blair and Robert Engler are a marvelous antidote to such nonsense. They are massively documented, analytic studies of what Engler calls "the rapacious and corrupting private government of energy," an institution, I would add, which is more *dirigiste* than the government of the United States itself. Yet if *Control* and *Brotherhood* often cover common ground, they do so from different points of view and come to contrasting policy conclusions. Blair is an economist who knows of the oil conspiracy against the public interest from years of staff work as a Senate trustbuster, and sees hope in the anti-trust solution. Engler is a political scientist, sensitive to the complex issues of power in this case, and inclined—in a most undogmatic, critical way—toward truly democratic planning and socialization.

Since the 1920s, the oil industry has carefully contrived to control supply. In the old days, when weak, corrupt Middle Eastern governments were clients of the Seven Sisters, that was done by collusion with, or the deception of, sovereign states. Within the United States itself, there was the "prorationing system" based on the Texas Railroad Commission and enforced by a Federal law against "hot oil" (*i.e.*, produced in violation of state quotas) in interstate commerce. When this system was challenged—by Mossadegh's nationalization of Iranian oil in the early '50s, or by Enrico Mattei's aggressive leadership of the publicly owned Italian energy complex—boycotts and embargoes were organized, governments were overthrown and, in Mattei's case, murder may have been used as a weapon. Indeed, every single tactic which has been used by the Arabs against the West was first used by Western corporations against the Arabs.

This careful control of energy supply did not, of course, extend to oil alone. The case of shale is instructive in this regard. After both World War I and World War II, the Federal Government launched R&D programs to learn how to effectively extract oil from the abundant Western shale. The first effort was killed by Herbert Hoover in 1930; the second was ended under Eisenhower pursuant to a recommendation made by an industry panel. It was like, the *Denver Post* said, asking a jury of railroad presidents to determine the subsidies for the trucking industry. But one company persisted in trying to develop this source—only to have Gulf buy a 23 percent interest in it, thus persuading it not to upset the industry's Plan.

The failure to understand this system has led many people to argue that American prosperity in the '50s and '60s was built on "cheap energy." They do not realize that the oil import quota program, instituted by Eisenhower in the late '50s and retained by Nixon even when his own Cabinet commission told him it made no sense, kept cheap oil out of this country. It would, after all, have competed with expensive American oil and kept us from following our "Drain America First" policy. In the '60s, Blair estimates, consumers paid about four billion dollars a year because they were denied access to that cheap oil. Engler shows how Nixon also finessed the maverick Occidental company and the entire New England region. They wanted to locate a tanker terminal and a refinery in a foreign trade zone to be created at Machiasport, Maine. Six governors and the entire New England Congressional delegation went to bat for the scheme; the oil majors were against it. Oil won. (There were important environmental issues at stake, but that was not why the scheme came a cropper.)

All of this was accomplished by straight politics and by the most devious maneuvering and even corruption. For instance, as both Blair and Engler note, a major figure in the oil import quota decision was then Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson—a Texas oil man who just happened to hold a contract allowing him to benefit from an increase in oil prices when he impartially helped decide what American policy would be on oil prices. It was the same Anderson, Engler shows, who in 1960 had convened the representatives of the two American companies with refineries in Cuba and, in effect, urged them to take an intransigent stand against Castro's insistence that the plants refine Russian crude. And that, of course, was a critical moment in the fateful deterioration of American-Cuban relations.

Industry's regulation of supply—accomplished with the full support of the United States government which, for all intents and purposes, waived the anti-trust laws for the oil planners and

TO THE LEFT FLANK, MARCH!

Unionizing the Armed Forces

Edited by Ezra S. Krendel and Bernard L. Samoff

Under the impression that they are viewed and treated as employees, today's armed forces may well be receptive to the approach of organized labor.

This book describes in detail the labor relations—the history and traditions of American trade unionism, benefits and salary structure, rights systems, appeals processes, and grievance arbitration—affecting the armed forces.

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presented them with hundreds (yes hundreds) of billions in tax subsidies—was astonishingly effective. The growth rate in supply projected by the companies between 1950 and 1972 coincided 99.9 percent with the actual increase in supply. And this feat is made all the more extraordinary in that the industry had to coordinate a varied range of national components to achieve their projections.

Let such bygones be bygones, the oil apologists now say. The fact is, the industry needs high rates of profits in order to get the capital to invest in solving the energy crisis. That assumes that the very same companies which took hundreds of billions of government handouts and used them to make this country unnecessarily dependent on foreign imports have the social wisdom and conscience to deal with the problem they did so much to create. It also ignores the fact that oil targets its profits, dictating to the market rather than deigning to obey its commands. Thus Exxon told the Senate in 1974 that "a return on equity *at least* in the 14 percent-16 percent range is required." Required for what? To serve the energy needs of the American people, the industry argument holds. To be invested in making more money—in Ringling Brothers, Montgomery Ward or what have you—the facts show. Thus the chemical industry has been quite able to raise capital on its own, not the least because it is the largest earner of dollar exchange of any US manufacturing industry. And yet, in 1973, 7.1 percent of oil's net investment in fixed assets, within the United States and worldwide, was in chemical plants.

Moreover, there is abundant evidence that the companies are still colluding with OPEC. As Blair puts it concisely with regard to the two "sides" in this relationship, "their common interest in the maintenance or enhancement of price transcends their interest as individual buyers or sellers . . ." That cozy, symbiotic relationship also explains why the corporate oil politicians are anti-Israel and pro-Arab (the various ultra-Left theories which see Israel as the pawn of American imperialism have got the issue upside-down even though the facts are incredibly obvious).

In the presence of such structures of government-supported, price and supply fixing, what can the society do? Decontrol, says the *Wall Street Journal* and the "free market" ideologues. That is, to put it kindly, preposterous, for it would simply free the companies to rig the market for windfall profits. John M. Blair, on the other hand, rejects the nationalization solution for political reasons (there is little Congressional support for it) and on economic grounds (he thinks it could institutionalize inefficiencies). Yet, he is also critical of a regulatory approach, both because of its administrative difficulties and its tendency to perpetuate inefficient producers and allocations. He favors the public promotion of competition in an industry where the spread between cost and price is greater than any other (except pharmaceuticals) and there is therefore, ample room to encourage undercutting which can still yield handsome profits.

This could be done, Blair argues, partly under existing law: ending the collusion in the concerted restriction of crude production, and forcing the majors to share more of their crude with independent refiners. And it would also demand new legislation to break up vertically integrated structures. There is merit in all of those approaches, even though I do not think Blair sufficiently copes with his own excellent documentation of the dreary record of anti-trust failure in this area. What bothers me is the rather off-handed rejection of the planning and public ownership strategy, which could parallel some of Blair's proposals. In this area, I find Engler's fine book most compelling.

This is not to suggest that Engler, or I, regard nationalization as a miracle cure. That fantasy can be left to those leftist simplifiers who are content with merely inverting the *Wall Street Journal*'s dogmas. "State capitalism," Engler comments, "may be no more efficient than its private counterpart. And public authorities may be equally insulated from democratic accountability." Moreover, there are decentralist policies which could point in new directions, *i.e.* an REA-type subsidy for locally owned and controlled solar cooperatives. It worked with conventional electrification in the rural areas; why not with the harnessing of the sun? The problem, as Engler shrewdly understands it, is that we are dealing with an enormous concentration of political power in the oil industry. That can only be offset by a counter-concentration of democratic power, for as long as the corporate status quo exists, both regulation and anti-trust can be rigged by its power.

In thus preferring Engler's policy analysis to Blair's, I do not want to sleight the latter's book. Both of these studies are enormously and helpfully substantial. Still, I am persuaded by Engler's very un-Messianic, critical awareness of the need for a basic restructuring of the decision process. It may well be, as Blair says, that such a move is politically quite difficult. The problem is, as Engler so rightly concludes, it is the only possible alternative and we have to take the first step on that fabled journey of 10,000 miles.

Michael Harrington

Michael Harrington is chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee.

The Cloud of Danger by George Kennan

(Atlantic Monthly Press; $8.95)

"We have now sunk to a depth at which the restatement of the obvious is the first duty of intelligent men," wrote George Orwell in 1939. Well, the obvious is now even less in fashion than it was then, and so much of Mr. Kennan's book is quite likely to bring bitter rejoinders from many quarters. "Elitist," will say some, "neo-isolationist" will object others. And there may be even critics whose verdict about the author will paraphrase John Bricker's alleged exclamation when he heard that his senatorial colleague from Ohio supported public housing: "My God, the Communists have gotten to Bob Taft!" Certainly there is a lot in this treatise on "current realities of American foreign policy" (its subtitle) which those on the left will be ready to applaud: Mr. Kennan's critical strictures about the military industrial complex, his generally relaxed attitude about the Soviets getting ahead of us, whether in conventional or in nuclear armaments, his insistence that we should reduce

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America's external commitments to the indispensable minimum. But then the ritualistic liberal will read in unbelieving horror what the author says about the third world: " . . . a horde of wholly untried and inexperienced small entities in whose responsible conduct . . . we had not the faintest reason for confidence," and most of which, he strongly implies, would still be much better off under some form of Western tutelage. Worse yet, Kennan professes to feel no sense of guilt for any real or alleged sins of Western imperialism and makes short shrift of the argument that this guilt could be partly expiated by sharing some of our ill-gotten wealth with those victims of past oppression: "In the long run, the countries of those continents will have to work their passage as did our forefathers, or the passage will not be made."

Those on the right and those with high blood pressure would, obviously, also be well advised to read the book selectively. There are indeed passages one has become unaccustomed to hear or read except at four-year intervals, at the time of the Republican National Convention, *e.g.*, "And is no credit whatsoever to be given in this modern world for the old fashioned American virtues of thrift, honesty, tolerance, civic discipline and hard work?" But only a few pages later Kennan concedes the Canal Zone, lock, stock and canal to the Panamanians. He is also quite ready to liquidate American military presence in the Philippines and on the whole favors a similar policy in regard to South Korea. Even the moderately conservative will flinch at the emphasis of his assertion that ". . . these apprehensions of a Russian quest for 'world domination' . . . have little substance behind them," and his opinion that we should not get unduly exercised by the games the Soviets play in Angola, Yemen, etc.: "In any case, recent Soviet efforts along this line would appear to have been on a scale hardly comparable to our own."

Both Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan would, in different ways, be abashed by Kennan's belief that "it is difficult to see any promise in an American policy which sets out to correct and improve the political habits of large parts of the world." No recent US policy, one feels, has caused him as many misgivings as that which goes under the name of advocacy of human rights. The flamboyant rhetoric and this selective and inconsistent interference in other countries' internal affairs is to him clearly counterproductive when it comes to achieving a more civilized, and hence freer, world. And how can we presume to dictate other nations' domestic politics when we, the world's greatest power, submit meekly to the continuous blackmail by the OPEC group? When it comes to this painful subject, Kennan's anguish is so great that it makes this urbane writer lapse into a very earthy simile. President Carter, he notes with disapproval, expects to meet with some of the Near Eastern potentates to discuss problems of the region. "Why should they make any concessions to us. . . . They have us by the short hairs."

And so sound American foreign policy must depend first of all on setting our own house in order. Then we must recognize that unless we reintroduce a degree of professionalism in our conduct of foreign affairs (and this to the author implies, among other things, that Congress should stop its interference with the day-to-day course of American diplomacy) we will not be able to act effectively as a great power, never mind instructing the whole world in democratic virtues: "Whoever insists on playing card games with all his cards face-up on the table should avoid the fancier and more expensive game of poker." Only if such preconditions are met can the US cope successfully with such urgent tasks as ending our dependence upon the OPEC extortionists and resuscitating and strengthening the Western alliance. And then in due order America will be able to serve as an effective and powerful force for world peace, its foreign policy a true expression of national interest, rather than, as hitherto, a hodge-podge of special interests, public relations stunts and moralistic rhetoric.

Infuriating as various parts of Kennan's book will appear to various audiences, one cannot deny the reasonableness of its overall argument, one admires the sagacity of so many of his asides and his courage in exposing so many shibboleths of both the left and the right. But there is one major qualification one must make when it comes to translating his ideas into actual policies.

Kennan is a very civilized man writing about an, alas, very uncivilized world. Not that he suffers from many illusions, but his own reasonableness and humanity makes him occasionally too hopeful about the reasonableness and humanity of those whose record on this count is, to put it mildly, not very encouraging. Take his assessment of the

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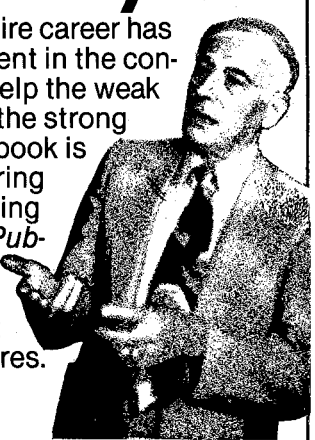

CHARLES GARRY AND ART GOLDBERG

Street-fighter in the Courtroom

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE
FOREWORD BY JESSICA MITFORD

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Soviet leaders. Men of their age and experience, he believes, are not likely to indulge in adventuristic policies or risk everything on one fearful throw of dice on a nuclear strike. In fact they are preoccupied by domestic problems: the security of their own rule over a changing society, and the economic advancement of their country. This, I believe, is, for the most part, a correct assessment of the mentality of those elderly and prudent oligarchs. But it overlooks one small, but potentially very dangerous element in their make-up. It is a considerable understatement to say that they are preoccupied with the security of their own rule. They are in fact frantic about any danger they perceive, no matter how insignificant or distant by our lights, to their power and prerogatives, both at home and abroad. Certainly President Carter's soliloquizing about human rights poses no clear and present danger to the Soviet regime. The handful of dissenters is not likely to storm the Kremlin. Señor Carillo's musings about Eurocommunism would also seem to us to be quite harmless. All in all, it would still be a net gain to Moscow if the Spanish Communists got a share of power in their country. But to the Soviet leadership, both of these developments carry sinister implications.

We have also already some evidence that as they see social and economic changes in Russia as possibly impinging upon their rule, the Soviet oligarchs may turn toward more aggressive behavior abroad, as well as more repression at home. Whatever his grievances as citizen and consumer, whatever ringing declarations about human rights emanating from Washington, the average Russian is not likely to conclude that freedom is the wave of the future if one after another nation succumbs to Communist or quasi-Communist authoritarianism, and if the West continues on its present course of retreat, confusion and self-flagellation. Mr. Kennan is quite right in warning us against panic and passion when dealing with the USSR. But those in charge of our policies cannot disregard, distasteful as it is to ponder such things, the arithmetic of the weapons of mass destruction; nor can we look complacently at the prospect of new Angolas.

And so one cannot always agree with Mr. Kennan, but even when one does not Kennan forces the reader to think harder and more dispassionately about the problem he poses, something which, alas, cannot be said about most treatises about international, or for that matter domestic, politics nowadays. The details apart, how much one wishes that Kennan's general attitude toward world problems—one of realism tempered by compassion—could instruct our rulers and politicians, impart reason and civility to the public discussion of what is the most fateful question facing this generation.

Adam B. Ulam

Adam B. Ulam is the author of *In the Name of the People: Prophets and Conspirators in Pre-Revolutionary Russia* (Viking).

In the People's Republic by Orville Schell

(Random House; $8.95)

Chinese Shadows by Simon Leys

(Viking; $10)

The traveler to the People's Republic—even the three week traveler—generally feels an enormous weight of responsibility. He must return with the word. Is *it* ("the system"; "Revolutionary China" etc.) good or bad? His Chinese hosts will do everything in their power to reinforce the feeling that he is dealing with a single, integrated reality which must be approved or rejected *in toto* while the people back home, already predisposed to regard China as one homogenous mass, find no difficulty in assuming that a brief encounter should provide *the* answer. The notion that one can easily generalize about 900 million Chinese on the basis of an incredibly limited experience meets little resistance.

On the whole, the considerable travel literature which we have obligingly provides all the answers. The two contributions here considered are not entirely exceptional. Orville Schell's book is basically "friendly" while Simon Leys (a pseudonym of a Belgian author) provides us with what is probably the most spirited and witty hostile report ever written. He speaks of Chinese "shadows" yet it is quite obvious that what he attacks is in his own mind not shadow but substance. Yet both books are—in varying degrees—informative and well-written. Both authors speak Chinese and are in different ways "China specialists." Schell has done graduate studies at Berkeley and written on China. Leys is an erudite sinologist and confessed lover of Chinese culture who has travelled in China many times and served there in the diplomatic corps. His specialty is Chinese art and he is well versed in Chinese literature. He describes his politics as those of an Orwellian Socialist. When his book first appeared in France some three years ago, it received a lively and favorable reception among French China specialists who had become thoroughly exasperated by the indiscriminate and ill-informed piety toward all things Chinese which prevailed in certain established French intellectual circles.

Schell's book consists of a series of vividly drawn vignettes interspersed with his own reflections. When he deals with observed realities, sketches a human type, or describes a concrete situation I find his writing extraordinarily effective and evocative. His reflections candidly reflect all his doubts, self-doubts and inner turmoils. At times he is as exasperated by what Leys calls "the stage settings artificially created in China for the use of foreign visitors" as is Leys himself. He is also disturbed by the ongoing "deep and repressive sense of hierarchy." As a "friend" he enjoyed the somewhat unusual experience of "working and living" for a time in a Shanghai factory and on the land in the famous model Ta Chai commune. To his credit, he does not attempt to inflate the significance of this experience and the account of his days in the Shanghai factory is straightforward and convincing. One has more questions about the "typicality" of the Ta Chai experience.

I was, however, astonished to find that in spite of Schell's own misgivings about official briefings, an enormous amount of space is devoted to the verbatim reports of briefings by official hosts and the set pieces and stock replies of various "typical" individuals. If one is to rely on words rather than the

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testimony of the senses, the words uttered in China to foreign guests (except for unusual personal encounters and briefings on specialized topics) are markedly more simplistic and one-dimensional than the flow of official literature. A sustained and careful reading of written materials provides a much more problematic and complex picture than do the homilies provided for foreign guests.

Even more disconcerting are the numerous sweeping generalizations about "the Chinese" which seem to be based as much on this oral testimony as on unmediated experience.

Am I implying that the oral testimony is insincere? I have no doubt that the majority of those involved are sincere, patriotic citizens of the People's Republic. As such they are probably entirely willing to perform their duty of saying the right things at the right time. Most also have a healthy awareness of the perils of not saying the right thing. This means that the nature and depth of their commitment to any particular proposition which they utter may differ markedly from time to time and from person to person.

Turning to some of the general observations on "the Chinese" we find that the Chinese seldom think of death; the Chinese do not have sexual tensions; the Chinese do not look for flaws and failure but rather "search out what works in a system." "The Chinese are forever looking at their past experience and analyzing them in light of whatever current political campaign is under way." I would suggest that the latter "Chinese" trait like some of the others mentioned is wholly a function of a fixed official policy which might disappear in the twinkling of an eye if the policy were changed.

Like all of us, Schell brings to China his own American preoccupations. There is something to be said for his observation that Americans imbued with current dogmas concerning the crucial centrality of sexual fulfillment are painfully eager to find evidence of prostitution and backstairs sex in a vigorous society where sex is ruthlessly pushed into the background (as it has been in many societies past and present). By the same token, some Americans dissatisfied with many aspects of contemporary American life are only too ready on the basis of an extremely limited experience to find in China the counter-image of a certain type of collective purity and innocence. In both cases, the Chinese are made to play an assigned role in our own American dramas. In speaking of this purity Schell no longer seems to cherish the hope that we can use China as a model. He even confesses his own "inadequacy" to live up to its ideals. Instead, China (or part of China?) becomes a distant and exotic land of unattainable innocence. The fact is that China (even the China of the village) is an old and complex civilization; and that the foreigner has no way of penetrating the tangle of human relations in a Chinese village or neighborhood. I confess to a belief that Schell seems to find cynical—that Chinese may find it as difficult as others to achieve professed ideals and that Chinese may even differ with each other concerning the values to be attained.

I am not urging that the "real China" is the complete opposite of the official China. No doubt much of the post-1949 experience has been "internalized" and become part of the real China but the question of the relationship between this China and the full human reality remains unresolved and the answer is not available to the foreign traveler. Schell has not wholly escaped the temptation to supply us with "the Truth."

Simon Leys claims that he intends to focus his attention on the shadow aspects of China rather than give us a "general accounting of the People's Republic." "My aim" he states "was not to question the achievements of the Mao-Liu regime." The latter phrase reflects his unwillingness (justified, it seems to me) to attribute all the achievements to Chairman Mao himself. Yet one comes away from the book with the feeling that the achievements are fairly well obliterated by the shadows. Some of his most trenchant pages deal with the techniques and rituals for handling foreign guests; with the behavior of the foreign guests themselves, with Maoist cultural and artistic policies and with the life-style of the bureaucracy. He also provides some sensitive evocations of the subtle differences in the atmosphere of various local regions and urban centers.

He makes no secret of his vehement hostility to Maoist cultural and artistic policy. Current official art is *not* popular art in spite of the fossilized folk elements embedded in it. It is rather "petty bourgeois academicism" full of "cloying hideousness, breathtaking saccharinity and viscous, suave vulgarity" similar in spirit to totalitarian art elsewhere. His fury at the esthetic destruction of Peking knows no bounds.

It would be easy to dismiss Leys's cultural rage by setting it against the achievement of a government which has managed to provide for the basic life needs of 900 million people with a fair degree of distributive justice. Yet we must remind ourself that this facile patronizing humanitarianism on our part is based on the assumption that any government which can fill the peasant's rice bowl has the natural right and wisdom to shape every aspect of his cultural-spiritual life. After all, how can his cultural needs be compared to ours?

Leys's total rejection of Maoist cultural policies is linked to his radical disbelief that these policies represent the achievement of a thoroughly egalitarian "mass participatory" society. It is, on the contrary, his view that China is ruled by a highly hierarchized and privileged "military-bureaucratic" ruling class. It does not seem to me that this term provides an adequate description of the complex political reality of China but it is a fact that China is governed by a hierarchized ruling class not free (even if one is to believe its own pronouncements) of the characteristics of ruling classes elsewhere—this in spite of (and to a degree because of?) the doctrines of Mao Tse-tung.

Nevertheless, it is a ruling class which has, by Leys's own admission, realized some important and impressive achievements. Yet when Leys subsumes China under an *a priori* model of a "totalitarian regime which has very little capacity for change," when he asserts that all changes which have taken place in China since 1949 can only be considered tactical and superficial he, in effect, denies these achievements since some of them have been realized only over the course of time. The decision to devote major attention to agriculture and the basic needs of the agrarian population emerged full-blown only after 1960. Some of the ingenious methods developed by the leadership for coping with a desperately poor agrarian society are again methods which have emerged over time. The People's Republic is

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totalitarian in aspiration and practice but there may be much which that term does not explain. It has *not* precluded significant change and uncertain groupings. It does not absolutely preclude the possibility of a shift in the future from a full-blown totalitarianism to a more limited authoritarianism.

Commentators on the Soviet scene have often observed that reports by visitors to China do not on the whole tend to be as unreservedly negative as those on the Soviet Union. If we are to take Leys's own assertions seriously, this would seem to be true even in his case when he is not applying the rigid totalitarian ideal-type. A gulag reality certainly exists in China and dissenters are more thoroughly repressed than in the Soviet Union. I would suggest that one of the reasons for this difference is that the gulag reality of the Soviet Union has been inextricably involved with its whole pattern of socio-economic development. In China it has been more possible in recent years to consider the achievements apart from the gulag reality. In the end the vast human reality of China may fit neither within the model of totalitarian society nor within the model of Maoist utopia.

Benjamin I. Schwartz

Benjamin I. Schwartz, professor of history and government at Harvard, is most recently the author of *Communism and China: Ideology in Flux* (Atheneum).

The Japanese
by Edwin O. Reischauer

(Harvard; $15)

Americans have always been equally charmed and mystified by Japan. It began in the 1850s with Townsend Harris, the first Western diplomat to negotiate a treaty with that long-sealed empire. Harris was a good Victorian who could blame Japanese "immorality" (nude public bathing and licensed prostitution) and the apparent duplicity of government officials on the fact that they had not, after all, been exposed to the benefits of Christianity. But this left the problem of how these same heathens had been able to create an orderly, crime-free society full of hard-working, happy and hospitable people who were literally—due to the same baths—a lot cleaner than his fellow Americans.

The 120 years since Harris's arrival has produced some startling alterations in Japan. Those bowing, doll-like folk who lived in paper houses evolved into the doughty warriors who destroyed the Czar's military forces in 1905 and were welcomed as honorary Anglo-Saxons by Theodore Roosevelt. The bloodthirsty militarists who invaded Manchuria in the 1930s and reached (in our eyes) a pinnacle of infamy on December 7, 1941, were later transformed into the hapless victims of atomic weapons. The manufacturers of cheap textiles and flimsy toys have become the giant industrialists whose TV sets, automobiles, cameras, ships and precision instruments have recently driven more than one major US company to the wall.

Such transformations are as difficult to account for as the fact that these tiny, overcrowded islands with meager natural resources have given birth to the third largest gross national product in the world. Obviously any explanation of Japan must not be simplistic. Yet too many Western observers, baffled by the unfamiliarity of the Orient, have over the years tended to write off the Japanese with easy stereotypes, as latterday samurai, or mad zen devotees, or pure "economic animals," or in Ruth Benedict's more complex, two-valued study, as adherents of the chrysanthemum and the sword.

Edwin O. Reischauer is far too wise for such an approach. Born and raised in Japan, a lifelong student of its history and culture, he has been around long enough to see the "firm generalization of one decade" either vanish or turn into its opposite two decades hence. Because Japan of the late '70s is different from Japan of the booming '60s, let alone of the Occupation period, Reischauer has given us a necessary, fresh look at the country and its people. The result may not fulfill everyone's desire for intellectual neatness, but that is more the fault of the subject than the author.

The amount of material that Reischauer manages to cover is far too extensive to summarize, but the titles of the four major sections—History, Society, Politics, Japan and the World—suggest the dimensions of the undertaking. If the 39 brief chapters make for a shotgun approach, what holds everything together is a consistent point of view, a firmness of mind that blends the best of scholarly insights with the important knowledge that arises from personal experience.

All sensitive observers of Japan must walk a narrow line between the exotic and mundane qualities of Oriental life. Reischauer is no exception. Understanding that the imperatives of techno-industrial society push towards uniformities in all advanced countries, he clearly shows how the content of common institutions has a unique flavor and meaning for the Japanese. Certainly it is these national differences which should interest us, for as anyone who has lived there can attest, and as Reischauer affirms, Japan is by almost any index of social well-being the most successful of all advanced industrial countries. Troubled by few problems of social disorganization and a minimum amount of alienation, it is "a remarkably stable and smoothly functioning society, which could well serve as a model for others, including the Western democracies."

The theme that Japan might have something to teach us, implicit throughout the book, runs contrary to all accepted wisdom. Westerners have always viewed the Japanese as mere imitators, a judgment that the Japanese seem to accept. (Teaching at a major Japanese university, I was always shocked to hear my best students voluntarily offer the view that "We never originate anything; we just copy other countries.") Reischauer is in flat disagreement: "Their isolation has probably forced them to invent a greater part of their culture and develop a more distinct set of characteristics than almost any comparable unit of people in the world. What distinguishes them is not their imitativeness but rather their distinctiveness and their skill at learning and adapting while not losing their own cultural identity."

The distinctiveness centers around a

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cluster of traits—a belief in the primacy of intuition over intellection; an orientation toward group values rather than individualism; a remarkable ability to identify positively with the large company and the nation (ask a Japanese who he is and he will answer "A Japanese"; ask him what he does for a living and he will answer, "I'm with Mitsubishi"); a commitment towards formality and restraint in personal relations; a sentimental indulgence toward mildly deviant behavior (like drunkenness and radicalism); and a stubborn kind of tribal belief that "We Japanese" (a phrase so recurrent that foreign residents begin to cringe when hearing it) are so unique that no outsider will ever be able to understand the dimensions and nuances of Japanese society.

This sense of separateness has always served to prevent Japan from playing an international role that, as the first non-Western industrial society, she has often claimed for herself—that of bridge between East and West. Reischauer argues that Japanese development is important for the rest of the world. He sees her both as an inspiration to "non-Western peoples, who fear that in becoming modernized they will lose their cultural identity," and also as an example to advanced countries of how to cope with some of the "problems of industrial, urban life and mass democracy."

This seems a large order, but Reischauer's survey attests to the dynamism and flexibility of Japanese society in the years since Townsend Harris. Without altering basic social or esthetic values, the Japanese have dismantled a feudal order and raced into modernity. They replaced hereditary nobility with a meritocracy and created democratic political institutions which, though different from ours, function at least as well and manage to retain the loyalty of most citizens.

Now, with a huge economy desperately dependent upon imports, the nation's future prosperity, indeed its very existence, depends upon a peaceful, smoothly-functioning world order. If past generations of Japanese were too parochial to function very effectively on the world stage, Reischauer sees the young today as "almost a new breed . . . largely free of the old prejudices and fears . . . entirely ready to be members of an international society." He pins his hopes for Japan, and in part for all of us, on their ability to help solve the serious problems plaguing the advanced industrial world.

Is this at all realistic? The dream that Japan, the Orient, might redeem the West and redress the insoluble problems of our culture is an old one. It caught the fancy of some 19th-century Americans who were fed up with the social chaos and esthetic grimness of the early industrial order. Businessmen might look to the Far East for profits, but some intellectuals foresaw the birth of a new, world-order which would blend the highest culture of East and West. Certainly Oriental art did have a major impact on the West, but there was little influence in the social realm. Given Japan's economic giantism, it may be imperative for us to learn social, political, even business lessons from her. But as Townsend Harris and many other foreign residents of Japan found, the values of that social order are part of an organic whole and very difficult to export. Whether any significant message can really be translated from the poetic, circuitous formality of the Japanese language to the blunt tones of English remains highly problematic.

Robert A. Rosenstone

Robert A. Rosenstone, professor of history at the California Institute of Technology, was a Fulbright lecturer at Kyushu University in 1974-75. He is now working on a study of Americans in 19th-century Japan.

Criminal Russia by Valery Chalidze

(Random House; $10)

It has been 50 years since the last crime statistics were published for the Soviet Union and since then, the Soviet Union has become, by its own definition, a mature Socialist society, which should be a society without classes and without crime.

Yet crime persists in the Soviet Union and has assumed a pattern which so nearly reflects the requirements of the social and political situation that there appears little likelihood of eliminating or reducing it in the near future.

Moscow, the city most open to foreigners, is physically safe but replete with black marketeers and petty thievery. Although people are rarely attacked in the street, the black market is so widespread as to be almost open and Moscow is a city where car owners routinely remove windshield wipers to prevent their being stolen.

Without complete statistics or published news reports (a 1974 knife killer in Moscow created a near panic without ever being mentioned in the Soviet press) no complete measure of Soviet crime is possible. What Valery Chalidze has done is to marshal the fragments of available information—deliberately incomplete statistics, individual incidents described in court records, anecdotal and historical information—and use them to put together as nearly accurate a picture as the dearth of information allows. Like the sources on which it is based, however, Chalidze's book leaves many questions unanswered.

The picture which does emerge of crime in the Soviet Union is one in which crime was not eliminated by a successful revolution but rather transformed by it. The imposition of the Communist system restructured traditional Russian criminal patterns, facilitating some types of criminal behavior, inhibiting others and introducing new social requirements which called up novel forms of criminal response.

The incidence of violent crime appears to be reduced, although Chalidze does not provide any historical data against which to compare his estimate of 100,000 convictions currently in the Soviet Union per year for crimes against the person (*i.e.*, murder, rape, grevious bodily harm). The streets of the major Soviet cities are safe, however, and the murder and rape which does occur commonly involves people who already know each other and, although Chalidze surprisingly fails to emphasize it, is associated with drunkenness. The majority of violent crime, according to Chalidze's rough estimate, is less serious than murder or rape and falls under the heading of "hooliganism," which can be anything from breaking windows to operating a ham radio and is frequently expanded, in the Soviet context, to include any behavior which is even remotely non-conformist.

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Soviet society has, in fact, eliminated some of the sources of violent crime by doing away with dire poverty and, at the same time, greatly expanding the apparatus of surveillance and control. It is possible, nonetheless, that the number of murders would be higher were firearms as freely available in the Soviet Union as they are in the United States. Revolvers are not sold at all and the sale of hunting guns is carefully controlled. Thus drunken hooliganism, a potential threat in many Soviet restaurants and dance halls, particularly in the provinces, seldom has fatal consequences.

Whereas the Communist system has limited violent crime by all indications, it has actually facilitated petty thievery. Chalidze's explanation of this is interesting. The Russian peasant, he writes, traditionally found it difficult to distinguish between what belonged to him and what belonged to someone else and the Bolsheviks did nothing to attenuate this attitude in the days of pre-revolutionary conspiracy when they helped to finance their activities by robbing banks. Later, the appeal of pillage to at least a part of the population played a role in the expropriation of the exploiting classes. The Bolsheviks were not able to convince the people, however, that property duly seized then became the property of the people as a whole. It was still regarded as the property of someone else. Thus in the Soviet Union today widespread thievery is known and often winked at and the appropriation of state property is a recognized means of supplementing one's income. Chalidze estimates that there are 200,000 to 250,000 convictions a year in the Soviet Union for "theft of Socialist property" making it the most common Soviet crime.

The Socialist revolution also helped to alter Russian crime by disabling a venerable Russian institution, the Russian underworld. The thieves of pre-revolutionary Russia lived by their own rules, the most important of which was that any collaboration with the state was punished by death. This traditional ethos was threatened by the Bolsheviks who regarded the thieves as potential allies and first freed them from the prisons and then sent them back again but in positions of authority vis a vis the swelling ranks of political prisoners. The end of the underworld's autonomy came with the mass enlistment of thieves in the Red Army during World War II which provoked a bloody "scab's war" when the thieves returned to the camps at the end of the war. The violent aftermath of this large scale collaboration with the state weakened the underworld considerably although it still exists without its previous exclusivity.

Chalidze believes that crime in the Soviet Union will increase in keeping with the general tendency for it to spread in other developed countries. This is likely to be particularly true in the case of the one crime which the Communist regime did not pick up and alter from pre-revolutionary Russia but actually created itself—the crime of private enterprise.

Speculation on rare or imported goods not available under existing market conditions, the legally proscribed resale of previously purchased items, the unofficial profiteering on goods transported country to another are all facets of a "second economy" outside the state economy whose influence and practical usefulness is such that Chalidze believes there is scarcely a person in the Soviet Union today who has not at one time or another had occasion to participate in it. Day to day observation suggests this is true and overt black marketeering shades off imperceptibly into the practice of buying goods "on the left." This is the widespread paying of tips and other gratuities to shop girls or service personnel to get goods and services which are theoretically freely available but actually hard to get and in high demand.

Chalidze's account of Soviet crime is largely based on personal accounts and the pieces of information which at various times the Soviet authorities have consented to make public. A definitive book awaits the day when the reams of detailed information that has been gathered on this subject by the authorities sees the light of day. Chalidze's conclusions, however, conform to the impressionistic picture which presents itself to residents of Moscow and stand as a discouraging reminder that crime is a traditional human propensity. In light of that fact, perhaps a revolution is a success in relation to crime, if having failed to eliminate it altogether, it somehow manages to change its direction.

David Satter

David Satter is Moscow correspondent for the London *Financial Times.*

Correspondence, *from page 7*

squash court is 18½ feet wide, 32 feet long, and 16 inches high.

My preoccupation with these dimensions stems from my experience of having innocently played squash for a decade on an outsized court at the downtown YMCA in Washington, DC. I am glad to say that I am now more sophisticated about determining the amount of space I really need to run around in. Incidentially, if anyone actually did attempt to play squash regularly on a court 25 feet by 45 feet, I doubt if he would live long enough to write his memoirs of the game.

Burling Lowrey
Washington, DC

As calm as yogic breathing

To the editors:

I suspect I am not alone in my surprise at the omission from your "Rule of the Games" sequence (July 23) of what many of us venerate as the finest game of all: long distance swimming. To say that its effects are as salubrious as those Erich Segal discovers in running, or as cathartic and tension-releasing as Richard Dorson finds in squash, is merely to begin with what it shares with other forms of physical exercise.

Devotees, however, will attest to the perfect evenness of respiration and pulse rates that accompany a one-mile swim, as well as the mysteriously energizing, rather than enervating, calm that succeeds it. All this without feeling sweaty and dirty; cardiovascular health and long, loose muscles rather than shin splints, pulled ligaments and dislocated joints. The closest thing to the almost ecstatic high of a 2000-meter swim, as many of us know, is the calm of yogic breathing and meditation.

It is just as well that the secret is well-kept. Real swimming pools (*not* the backyard variety) are crowded enough, so that we happy few, swimmers outdoors and in, whom only foulest weather deters, are grateful that the waterways have not become as overused as the tracks and cross-country paths.

Willard Spiegelman
Dallas, Texas

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TRB, *from page 2*

third term. He picked them up sheet by sheet and put them down without comment; finally he found another subject and answered briefly. Then he went off to the Black Hills.

Life had hit Cal hard as a boy. At 12 he kneeled with his beloved sister, Abbie, to receive the final blessing of his mother on the rock-ribbed farm. Then Abbie suddenly died. In Washington his younger son Calvin developed blood poisoning from a tennis blister on the White House court. It was before antibiotics. To the Puritan it was somehow retribution. "I do not know why such a price was exacted for occupying the White House," he wrote. "When he went, the power and glory of the Presidency went with him."

There was another episode, too, of a different kind—almost comic. He was petulant in private, given to tantrums; chief White House doorman, Ike Hoover, said he was worse than Teddy Roosevelt. His link to happiness was Grace Goodhue, his wife, with charm, warmth, sparkle, and bottomless admiration for him, yet relishing his oddities, too. She had come to hate Washington.

On the first day at Black Hills she hiked with Jim Haley, veteran Secret Service man, and returned at 2:15, just as a search party was organized. They had a grim delayed lunch, probably with a tantrum after it; a few days later Haley was shifted. Mike Hennessy wrote with a smirk in the *Boston Globe* that the new guard was "not as striking a figure" as Haley; "hard to lose in a hike, always on time for his meals."

I offer these clues to a 50-year riddle. Suppose that after a week everyone has forgotten the Haley incident but Cal; he regrets his petulance, his peevish dismissal, his words with Grace. He has thought it over and made up his mind. So he rides down the mountain composing a statement that, even so, is ambiguous; doesn't say "Won't;" says, "Don't choose." He rides the 10 miles that bright morning in the big car, relishing the fact that he holds all the cards, that nobody else knows, that he can change history. He gets wry satisfaction in confiding to nobody; in planning a kind of surprise nosegay for Grace in his queer, crabbed fashion—the announcement of departure. And so—

It is noon, now August 3. He is at his office. He tells his secretary, "Tell those newspaper fellers to come in."

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Washington Diarist

Integrity for Sale

Philip Lacovara's integrity means a lot to him. In the month of June, for example, it meant $35,000. This is how much his law firm billed the House Ethics Committee for its services as "special counsel" in the Korean investigation, computed at a rate of $75 an hour. No bones were made about why Lacovara was hired. The committee already had a full complement of salaried lawyers. They wanted Lacovara because of his reputation for "integrity"—the word appeared in every news account and editorial on the subject—and apparently the only way they could get it was to hire his whole firm. Lacovara's public resignation, of course, only increased that reputation. The next time the government wants to purchase an hour or so of Mr. Lacovara's integrity, it probably will cost the taxpayers $100 or more, a rate his private clients already may be paying. Of course the price of integrity simply is responding to the law of supply and demand. Watergate created an insatiable demand for purity in all aspects of public life, but only a very limited supply of rabbis qualified to certify that the meat is kosher. Lacovara's resignation drove Tip O'Neill to that short list of familiar names: Archie Cox . . . John Doar . . . . Finally Leon Jaworski answered the call. You cannot ascribe a pecuniary motive to "the Colonel," as Jaworski apparently likes to be called. Unlike the younger lawyers who have Watergated their way to prominence in the profession, Jaworski was rich from practicing corporate law before he ever got into the integrity business. He and his firm are serving the committee "pro bono publico." Of course it will not do his firm's Washington office any harm, and he might be forgiven for hoping to get another book out of it.

The student movement seems to have ended where it began, with a dispute over the location of a college gym. If Columbia could find a place to relocate its building in crowded Manhattan, why can't Kent State find a more suitable site in the wide expanses of Ohio? Columbia's gym has been open for quite a while, and the typical user probably doesn't even remember it once was the subject of controversy. You can't help suspecting that this is precisely what the Kent State administrators have in mind in wanting to put their gym on the site where four students were killed by the Ohio National Guard in 1970. As a member of that generation of white, middle-class students, I'm not especially proud of all the nonsense we talked and how little we really did to end the war. But we still are entitled to honor our few genuine martyrs. It is astonishing that a campaign like this still can be mounted in 1977, and I wish them success.

What the world needs, I wasn't thinking recently, is another "major" study of public television. Whatever its faults, public TV has served over the years as a diversion for high mindedness and pseudery that might otherwise have been imposed on really important issues. Now we have the Carnegie Commission on the Future of Public Television, composed of a laughably predictable collection of worthies, including John Gardner, William McGill, Beverly Sills, Bill Moyers, Alex Haley and Carla Hills. Clark Kerr and Lady Bird Johnson both are missing, for some reason. And once again we mourn the grievous loss to operations like this one of Pat ("two-for-one") Harris. Worthies just love public television as a cause. Do they ever watch it? The Carnegie people put us through all this once before, 10 years ago. That report of 1967 is remembered (not by me, but according to John J. O'Connor of *The New York Times*) for its "famous declaration" by E.B. White that, "Noncommercial television should address itself to the ideal of excellence." O'Connor makes the remarkable comment that "White's clarion call to excellence remains relatively isolated in the electronic wilderness." Where has he been? No topic has been the occasion for more sanctimonious pap than public television. If all the money spent studying it were devoted to programming, and all the time spent in heavy breathing about it sold for commercial messages, the real problems would be solved.

John Osborne reported last week that as a large part of her contribution to the White House reorganization, Rosalynn Carter has agreed to give up her calligrapher. A friend who ventured into a pen shop reports that this has caused consternation among Washington's calligraphic community. You will not be surprised to hear that this community is relatively extensive, and concerned about its future if various embassies and lobbies around town adopt this new frugal fashion. My friend, a calligraphy buff, is eagerly inciting discontent, and looks forward to some beautifully lettered picket signs outside the White House within a month.

President Carter is not the first person to seize upon the emblematic possibilities of Yazoo City, Mississippi. I would not have wanted to be inside Willie Morris's head as it started to click when he heard that Carter had chosen Yazoo City as the typical southern community in which to stage his second "town meeting." What a break! Morris has been dining out on Yazoo City all his life, but lately the repasts have been modest. Morris reached his peak of fashionability several years ago with the publication of his precocious autobiography, *North Toward Home*, and his precocious firing as editor of *Harper's*—for making it too good, the conventional wisdom has it. Morris was born in Yazoo City and has written about it extensively in *North Toward Home* and in several magazine articles. He was making a market in pieties on what the south can teach the north about race relations when Jimmy Carter was still shelling peanuts. "Ah despise a professional southerner," says a distinguished friend who describes himself as an "amateur." In the coming weeks we will see whether the professional has retained his knack.

Another southerner who has carefully contrived an image of himself for northern consumption is Bert Lance. He was presented to us last winter as a model of southern propriety and bankerish decorum. There is no evidence yet that Lance has done anything illegal. But it is plain now that when it comes to fiscal integrity he is no Arthur Burns. After interviewing several of Lance's former banking associates, a *New York Times* reporter wrote last week that "the characterization of him as a 'conservative' caused many of them to chuckle." Lance, too, could have purchased the appearance of integrity by selling his bank stock at its depressed price. This would have squelched the whole investigation, but at a cost of $1.6 million. Lance is savvy enough to know that the Senate is a soft touch and it would have been a wasted investment.

M.E.K.

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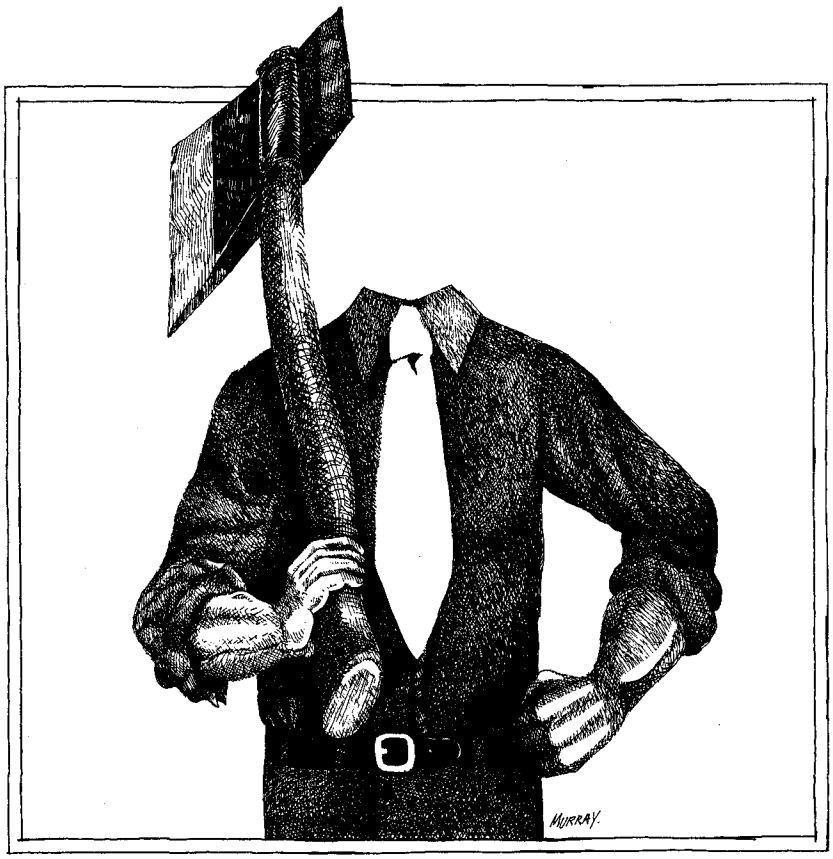

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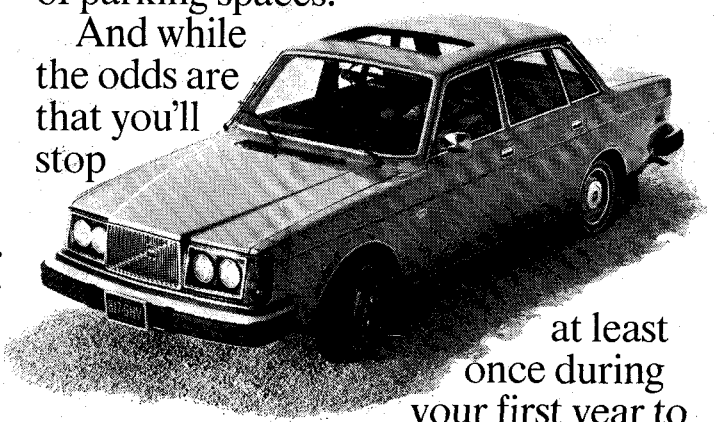

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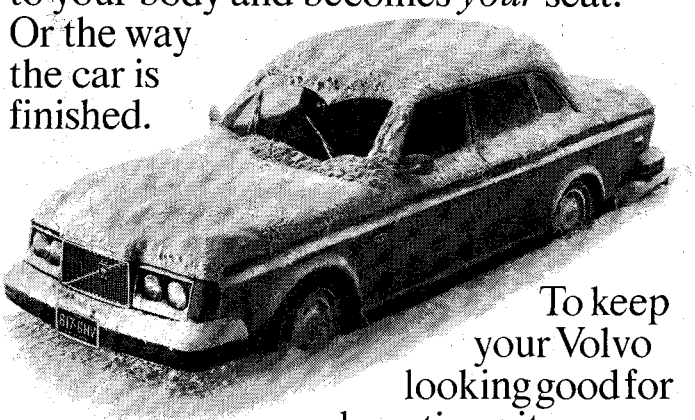

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